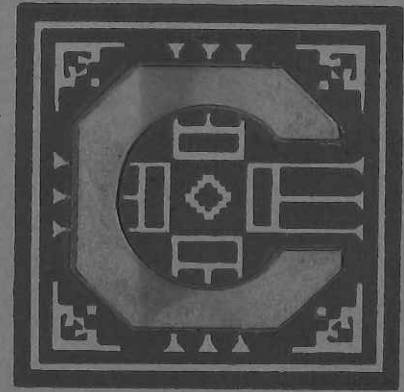


x57-7
Box of *Antenna* Ledger
one
March 1937



CHILOCCO
1919

Property of
Ruby Genet McKee Smith,
Former student.
Donated by her daughter,
Katherine Helen Smith Ledlow
and her siblings.



Printed at
The INDIAN PRINT SHOP
A Department of the U. S.
Indian Training School
Chilocco, Oklahoma
1919



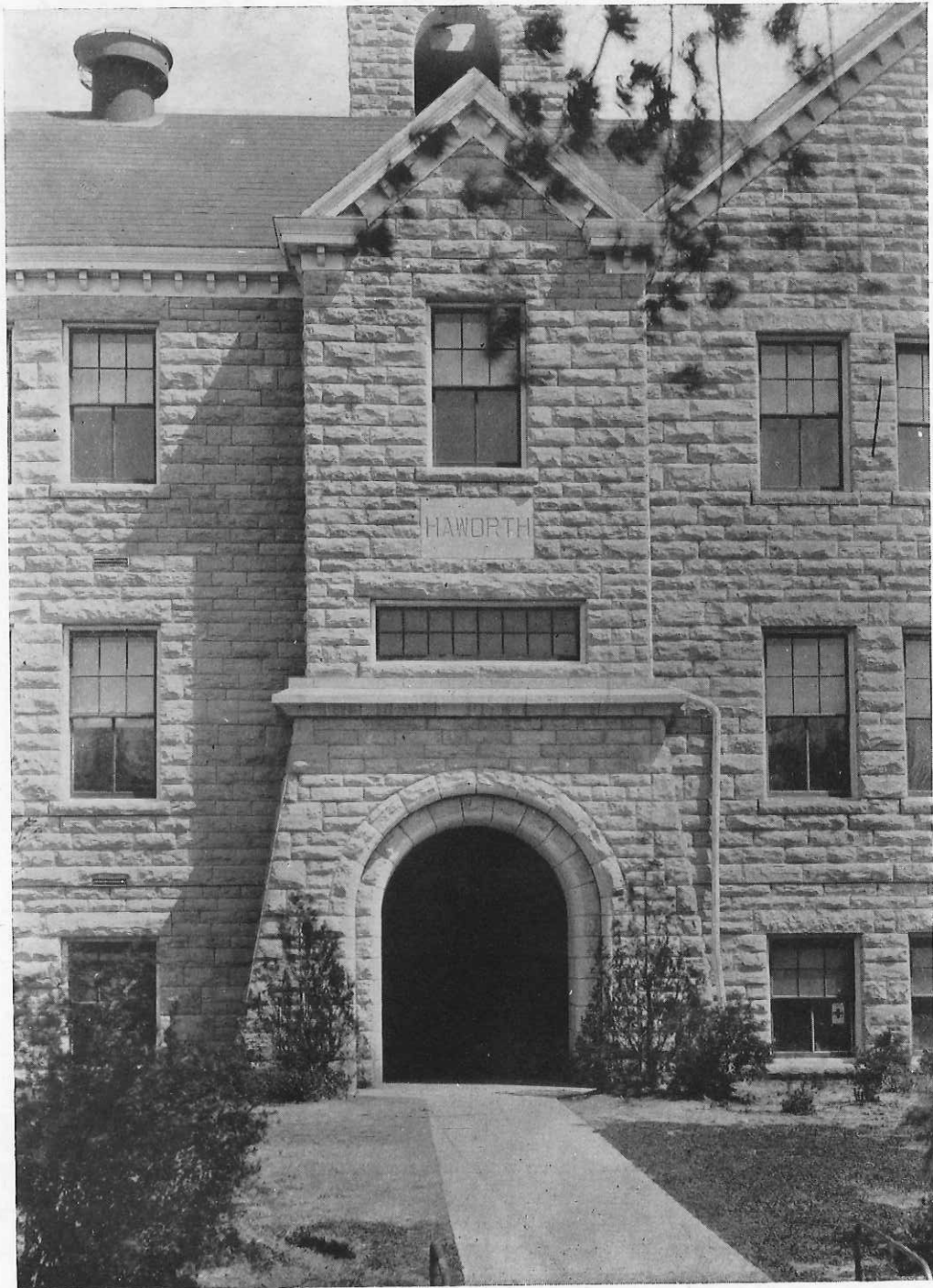
The Chilocco Senior Class Annual - 1919 -



Published by
The SENIOR CLASS of the
U. S. Indian School
Chilocco, Okla.



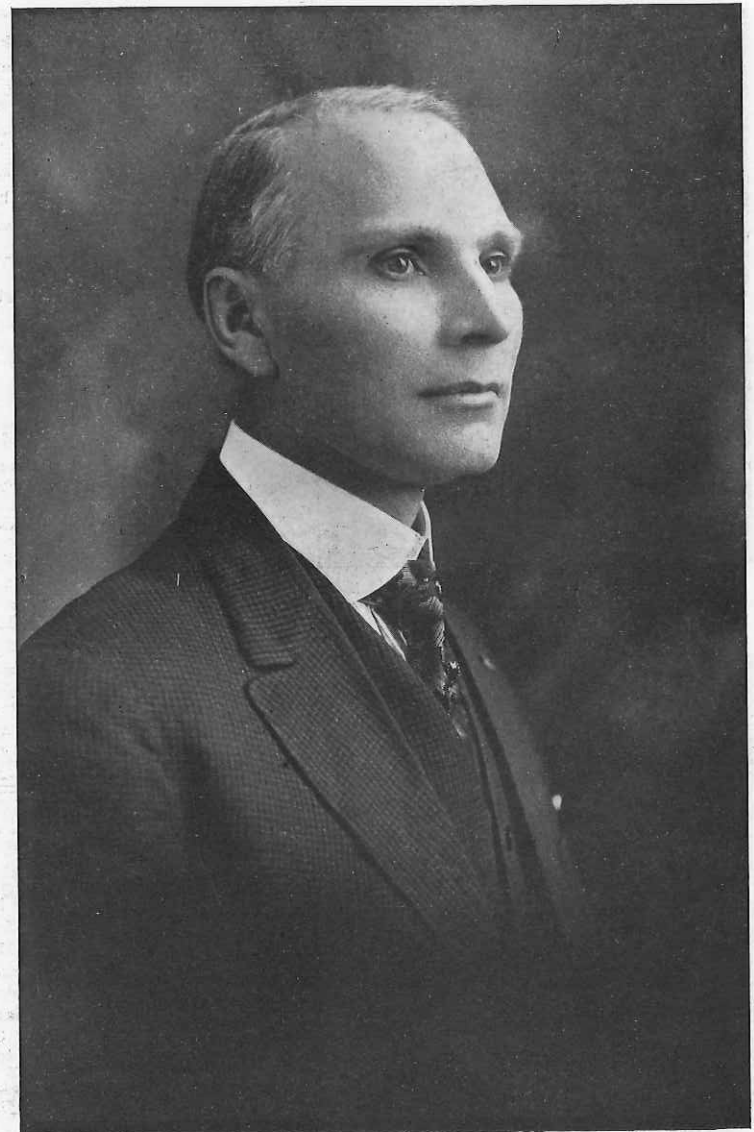
CLASS '19 KEEPS ITS IDEALS IN MEMORY



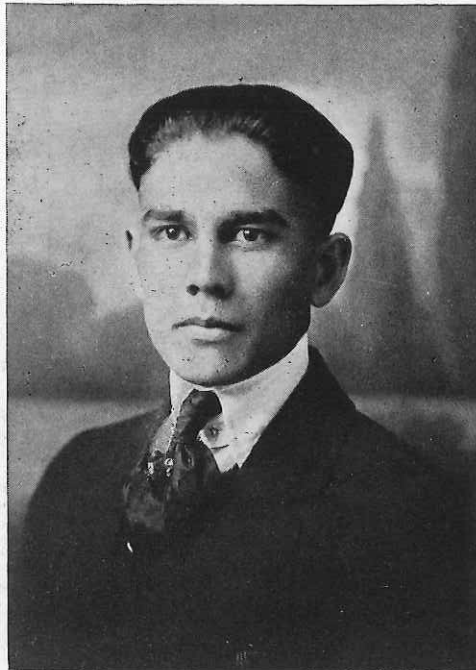
*Through this fair portal we
mount the steps of knowledge*



HON. CATO SELLS,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs.



O. H. LIPPS,
Chief Supervisor of Indian Schools.



Arthur Johnson

Wyandotte, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Seneca.

Achievements: President of Soangetaha Literary Society; Ex-President of Class '19; Adjutant of 2nd battalion; Star Basket-ball player; Letterman; Debater; Secretary of Y. M. C. A.

Pet Phrase: "There you go again."

Ambition: To be a printer.

Course: Printing.

"The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."



Edna Prophet

Seneca, Missouri.

Tribe: Chippewa.

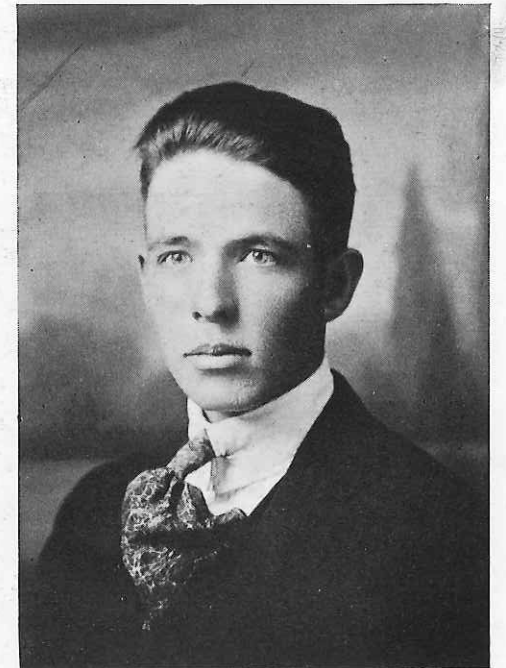
Achievements: Ex-President, Ex-Vice-President, Ex-Pianist, Ex-Secretary, Ex-Program Committee of Hiawatha Literary Society; 1st. Sergeant of Company B; Pianist Debater; Ex-Vice-President Class '19; Class Prophet; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A.

Course: Home Economics.

Pet Phrase: "Good night!"

Ambition: To be a stenographer.

*"Those about her
From her shall read the
Perfect ways of honour."*



David Wright

Pawnee, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Pawnee.

Achievements: Class President; Ex-President of Soangetaha Literary Society; Tenor Soloist; Choir Member; Captain of Varsity Basket-ball Team.

Course: Carpentry.

Pet Phrase: "What tha!"

Ambition: To be a successful carpenter.

*"It would be argument for a week,
laughter for a month and a good jest
forever."*



Myrtle Colvard

Salina, Oklahoma

Tribe: Cherokee.

Achievements: Vice-President, Ex-Treasurer and Ex-President of the Minnehaha Society; Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President of Class '19; 1st Lieutenant Company C; Soprano Soloist; Debater.

Course: Home Economics.

Pet Phrase: "You, yourself."

Ambition: "To be a chemist."

*"A merrier woman
within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."*



Alfred Pike

Talihina, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Choctaw.
Achievements: Baseball player; Debater; Cartoonist.
Course: Blacksmithing.
Pet Phrase: "Hello! Scabby."
Ambition: To be a second Ford.

*"Just at the age, twist boy and youth,
When thought is speech
And speech is truth."*



Lucinda Billy

Talihina, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Choctaw.
Achievements: Ex-Sergeant-at-arms of Hiawatha Literary Society; Corporal Company B; Debater.
Course: Home Economics.
Pet Phrase: "O, Ike."
Ambition: To be useful.

*"A place above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."*

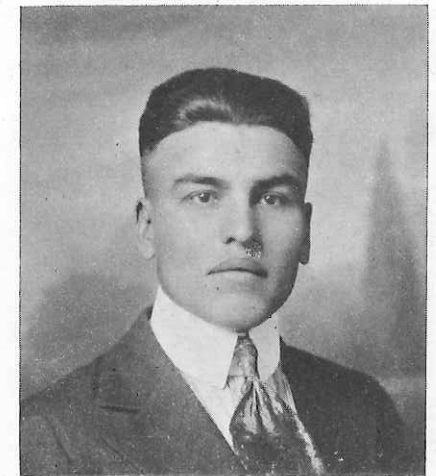


William Keel

Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Chickasaw.
Achievements: Vice-President of Sequoyah Literary Society; Ex-President Agricultural Club; 2nd Sergeant Company A.
Course: Horticulture.
Pet Phrase: "What tha."
Ambition: To be a college graduate.

*"His life is gentle and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand
And say to all the world, "This is a man."*



Jonas Sullivan

International Falls, Minnesota.

Tribe: Chippewa.
Achievements: Orator; Debater; Class '19 Comedian; First-class Engineer.
Course: Engineering.
Pet Phrase: "That's me all over."
Ambition: To become an electrician.

*"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause
that wit is in other men."*



Helena Haysan

Anadarko, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Pawnee.
Achievements: Choir Member; Ex-Vice-President, Ex-Pianist and Chairman of Program Committee of Hiawatha Literary Society; "Kate" in "Pirates of Penzance."
Course: Home Economics.
Pet Phrase: "O, heck."
Ambition: To be a successful housekeeper.

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."*



John Johnson

Lima, Oklahoma.

Tribe: Seminole.
Achievements: Captain of Baseball Team; Captain of Class Ball Team; Secretary of Sequoyah Literary Society; Staff Officer; Private U. S. Army.
Course: Horticulture.
Pet Phrase: "Where is your drag?"
Ambition: To become a successful farmer.

"Men of few words are the best men."



Maurice Bedoka

Anadarko, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Delaware and Caddo.
Achievements: Class Treasurer and Cheer Leader; Captain Company E; Baseball Player; Vice-President Soangetaha Society; Corporal in U. S. Army; Class Artist.
Course: Engineering.
Pet Phrase: "Oh! Gosh."
Ambition: To be a college graduate.
*"A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
are."*



Mary Edge

Fort Cobb, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Caddo.
Achievements: Vice-President of Hiawatha Literary Society; Major of Girls' Battalion; Ex-Program Committee of Hiawatha; Y. W. Cabinet Member; Advisory Member of Sunshine Club.
Course: Home Economics.
Pet Phrase: We-l-l!
Ambition: To do all the good I can.
*"So well to know her own,
That what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtouousest,
Discreetest, best."*



George Sheyahshe

Anadarko, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Caddo.
Achievements: Captain Company A; Corporal in U. S. Army; Treasurer Soangetaha Society; Member Y. M. C. A. Quartette; Captain of class track team.
Course: "Blacksmithing."
Pet Phrase: "Pass the bread."
Ambition: To be a successful farmer.
*"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword."*



Chester Hubbard

Wyandotte, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Seneca.
Achievements: A Sailor in the U. S. Navy; Debater; Member of the Glee Club; Bandman; Ex-President of Soangetaha Literary Society.
Course: Horticulture.
Pet Phrase: "I should worry."
Ambition: To attain a higher education.
*"Who mixed reasons with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirths
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt."*



Minnie McKenzie

Pryor, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Cherokee.
Achievements: Valedictorian; Ex-Treasurer, Ex-Program Committee Hiawatha Literary Society; 2nd Lieutenant Company A; Debater; Soloist; Elocutionist; Class Secretary; Choir Member.
Course: Home Economics.
Pet Phrase: "O—a-hum!"
Ambition: To specialize in English.
*"A merry heart goes all day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."*



Jesse Whitetree

Turkeyford, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Seneca.
Achievements: Ex-President of band; member of Glee Club, and Choir; Baritone Soloist.
Course: Horticulture.
Pet Phrase: "Why, man!"
Ambition: To be a good horticulturist.
"Every man has his fault and honesty is his."



Owen Woothtakewahbitty

Fletcher, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Comanche.
Achievements: Salutatorian, Ex-Treasurer of Class '19; Ex-Treasurer of the Soangetaha Literary Society; 1st Sergeant Company A; Choir Member; Musician.
Pet Phrase: "Hello, chinch-bug."
Ambition: "To serve my fellow-man."
Course: Farming.
"He reads much; He is a great observer and he looks quite through the deeds of men."



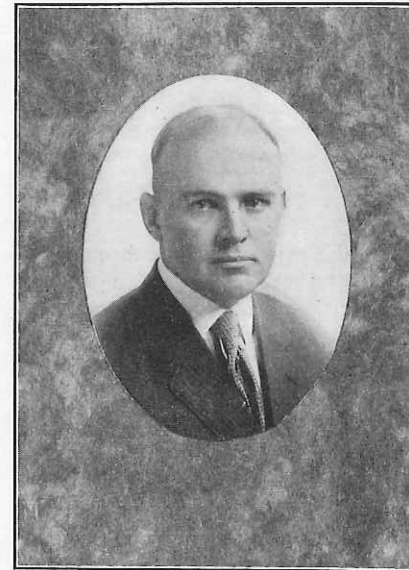
Eunice Johnson

Muskogee, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Wayandotte.
Achievements: Ex-President, Ex-Secretary, Ex-Program Committee and Treasurer of the Hiawatha Literary Society; Ex-Secretary of Class '19; 2nd Lieutenant Company B; Soprano Soloist.
Course: Home Economics.
Pet Phrase: "O, you don't, don't you?"
Ambition: To be a stenographer.
"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eyes, and in every Gesture dignity and love."



Andy Albersou

Berwyn, Oklahoma.
Tribe: Chickasaw.
Achievements: Baby of Class '19; Ex-Vice-President, Ex-Program Committee of Sequoyah Litrary Society; Chairman Program Committee Y. M. C. A.; President of Agricultural Club; Debater.
Course: Engineering.
Pet Phrase: "I wish I were a man!"
Ambition: To follow the Class motto, "Service."
"So wise so young, they say, Do never live long."



The Chilocco Senior Class Annual - 1919 -

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
U. S. Indian School, Chilocco, Oklahoma

CLYDE M. BLAIR,
Principal.

SALUTATORY

OWEN WOOTHTAKEWAHBITTY



LADIES and Gentle- men: We the mem- bers of Class '19, extend to you a cor- dial welcome upon this occasion which marks the event in our lives when we must leave the shel- tering walls of our

Alma Mater to join the host of graduates who have gone on before. The inspiration we derive from your presence here will ever be a source of strength to us on that journey which we this day have so auspiciously begun. Today we receive the reward of our efforts while here in school. A diploma. A sign to the world that we have received the training of Chilocco, which it is our boast to believe has always tended to cultivate an honest and manly chaacter, a hatred of sham, an earnest purpose to make the most of ourselves and to serve cur period of time as capable men and women, and our country as good citizens. Ladies and Gentle- men we salute you.

Members of the faculty: We salute you. Never yet has there stood before you a class

whose members were confronted with such difficult problems, and never was a class better equipped to meet its obligations.

What achievements we may have accom- plished while here in school, what success shall be ours in the untried life that lies be- fore us, we owe to your untiring efforts.

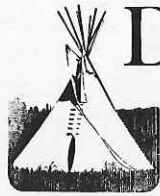
You have fulfilled your obligations. The Indian race stands indebted to you for the love and care you have lavished upon its children. We salute you.

Schoolmates and Friends: In behalf of Class '19, I salute you. While this day marks the end of our happy association upon the maple shaded lawns of Chilocco, may it not be the end of the friendships we have formed, the love and respect of our teachers and the loyalty of Chilocco through what may come. Fellow students I salute you.

Classmates: I salute you. We stand on the shores, as it were, of a trackless ocean toss- ing its waves mountain high. We know not to what shores our frail barks may carry us, but we do know, as our motto "Service" bids us, that our mission is to serve our fellow- men. Classmates, as we linger yet for this brief hour, once more I salute you.

SACAJAWEA, A WONDERFUL WOMAN

By MARY EDGE



DURING the administration of Thomas Jefferson the interest he had in the western wilderness led him to send an exploring party into what was known as the Louisiana Country, and for which the United States was negotiating with France.

Meriwether Lewis, who was Jefferson's private secretary at that time, promptly offered his services for the expedition; he chose an old army companion, Capt. Wm. Clark, with other men for the trip, and on May 14th, 1804, the party sailed up the Missouri river, traveling in three boats.

This band of white men were the first to cross the great divide. Many of these volunteered, among them was an Indian maiden to whom we may apply the words, "A wonderful woman."

This maiden was Sacajawea, a member of the Shoshone tribe. It was during the time the Indians were fighting and scalping one another. The Shoshones' dreaded enemies were the Blackfeet Indians. On one of their raids the Blackfeet captured Birdwoman, as Sacajawea was often called, when between the ages of eleven and twelve. With her was Prairie-flower, her playmate, but she escaped and found her way back to her people.

At the age of fourteen Sacajawea was sold as a slave to a French trader, Toussaint Charboneau, who afterwards became her husband. They resided in a Mandan village along the upper Missouri river.

In October, 1804, Lewis and Clark arrived in the village; it was there Sacajawea offered her services as a interpreter for the white men.

She endured all the hardships and suffering that came to the party, she took care of the sick and waited on those who needed help. Her husband was a poor sailor and one day he upset the boat containing valuable papers, notes on the expedition, which were seen floating in the water. Sacajawea saved these papers at the risk of her own life.

She guided Lewis and Clark through their long and weary journey over mountains and plains, preparing food for them and doing the little things that needed to be done, even helping to pull the boats when the waters were too powerful to be stemmed by the paddles; often her feet were bruised by sharp stones.

Sacajawea knew many medicines, including a remedy for rattlesnake bites which she made from herbs.

At one time she was taken ill with fever. Captain Clark did all he could to help her, since she was depended upon by the expedition for their guidance they were not able to continue their trip without her.

In July they reached the spot where Birdwoman and Prairie-flower were captured, she told her comrades that they would soon see Indians, these Indians were her own people, the Shoshones. In a few days Captain Clark came upon three Indian women, one of them rushed to Sacajawea and proved to be Prairie-flower. There in one of the tents she met her brother, who was now the chief of the tribe. She was so overwhelmed with joy that she could not interpret without shedding tears.

She secured horses for the party from her brother and his men, for without these horses it would have been impossible to make the trip over the mountains.

Although the temptation was great to remain with her own people, still she was loyal to the promise she had made to act as guide for her white brothers.

She was the first pioneer mother to cross the Rocky Mountains, she welcomed the civilization of the white race and was the first Indian woman to embrace Christianity. So today everyone who has the least drop of Indian blood ought to be proud to know that it was the young Indian maiden who led the way to the western coast and led to the opening of the Louisiana Country.

Sacajawea was an Indian whose name has been enrolled on the pages of history. She returned to her people after her mission was completed, and at the age, it is said, of

125, the heroine passed away in the year 1884.

There have been two statues erected in memory of Sacajawea. One stands in front of the capitol building at Bismarck, North Dakota, and the other was unveiled July 6, 1905, on the Lewis and Clark Centennial grounds at Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye has written the following lines which I think tell a true story:

"Some day upon the Bozeman Pass, Sacajawea's statue will stand beside that of Clark. Some day, where rivers part, her laurels will vie with those of Lewis. Across North America a Shoshone Indian touched hands with Jefferson, opening her country."



WITH THE COLORS AT CAMP TRAVIS

By GEORGE SHEYAHSE



ARRIVING at Camp Travis May 3, 1918, the appearance of the place where I was to get my military training was a great surprise to me. It was like a great city.

The first three months and a half I spent in army life was in cavalry training at Camp Stanley, Texas.

The cavalry training is not so easy as one might think, but the little experience I had in it made me feel it is one of the best that a young fellow could get, cavalry training just gives you a general view of what army training is like. The best part of the cavalry training is that the soldier boy wouldn't have to worry about walking, because the drilling is mostly done on horse back.

I believe that cavalry training is one of the busiest branches in the service, because you have to be on the go all the time from sunrise to sunset and because you have your horse to take care of besides yourself, and training our horses was just like training men who never had any military drill.

After I spent three months and a half in the cavalry I was transferred to the field artillery; this branch of service I requested on my requisition papers for service before I was classified.

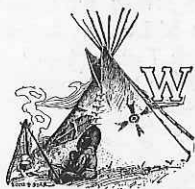
This entire arm was designated as the artillery corps. Which was divided into two branches,—the coast artillery and field artillery; the coast artillery is for land and coast defense, and the field artillery is that which accompanies an army in the field, heavy artillery and light artillery, siege guns and trench mortars and also machine guns. The heavy artillery use the 4.7 howitzer, or the 6-inch gun. The light artillery use the 3-inch gun.

There I had the privilege of taking up the radio system in the study of wireless telegraph and telephone systems. It is one of great importance to our American soldiers, being used to send messages from regiment to battalion, or from division to brigade, or to any one that you wish to talk to in the front line or back line of trenches. It also is used to send messages to the observers in airplanes and balloons.

The army life is not easy and what little experience I had in army life is something that I never will forget. On the day that I was called to the service of my country I was willing to go, but the day when I was discharged from the army was one grand day for me. Yet if my country needed me I would go through it all again.

CHILOCCO STUDENTS IN THE GREAT WAR

By MYRTLE COLVARD



WHEN the call came for service during the great conflict which prevailed over the whole world, there were no more loyal supporters of the cause than the Indians. Chilocco students were among the first to respond.

There were between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy of the finest young men that ever entered the army, from Chilocco.

There are so many boys in the service that I cannot trace the history of all of them. Among those whom we know to be over sea are George Hummingbird, Wiliam Baker, George Williams, Charles Starr, and Steve Silversmth.

The Senior class is proud of the five members who were in camp but returned to school after the armistice was signed. They are George Sheyahshe, Maurice Bedoka, Chester Hubbard, John Johnson, and William Keel.

The first to answer our country's call were Eli Bunch, Thomas Herman, and Arthur Jones. They enlisted in the navy being stationed at the Great Lakes where they received their training and were made petty officers. Thomas and Eli went to sea on ships which accompanied the transports that took the boys over. They made many trips across and Eli spent three months in the war zone last winter.

Arthur Jones has been on a submarine,—“tin fish,” as the sailors call it,—which guarded the Eastern coast.

George Roach, a member of the class of '17, enlisted in the navy. He was sent to the Great Lakes for training, there he was one out of ten to go to Harvard College where again he was one of the ten to go to Columbia college, from here he was sent to Plymouth, England, as an instructor in Radio. He was on board ship, just ready to start for home when volunteers were called for to go to Russia,—again he responded to duty's call, and he is now in that land of mystery and chaos.

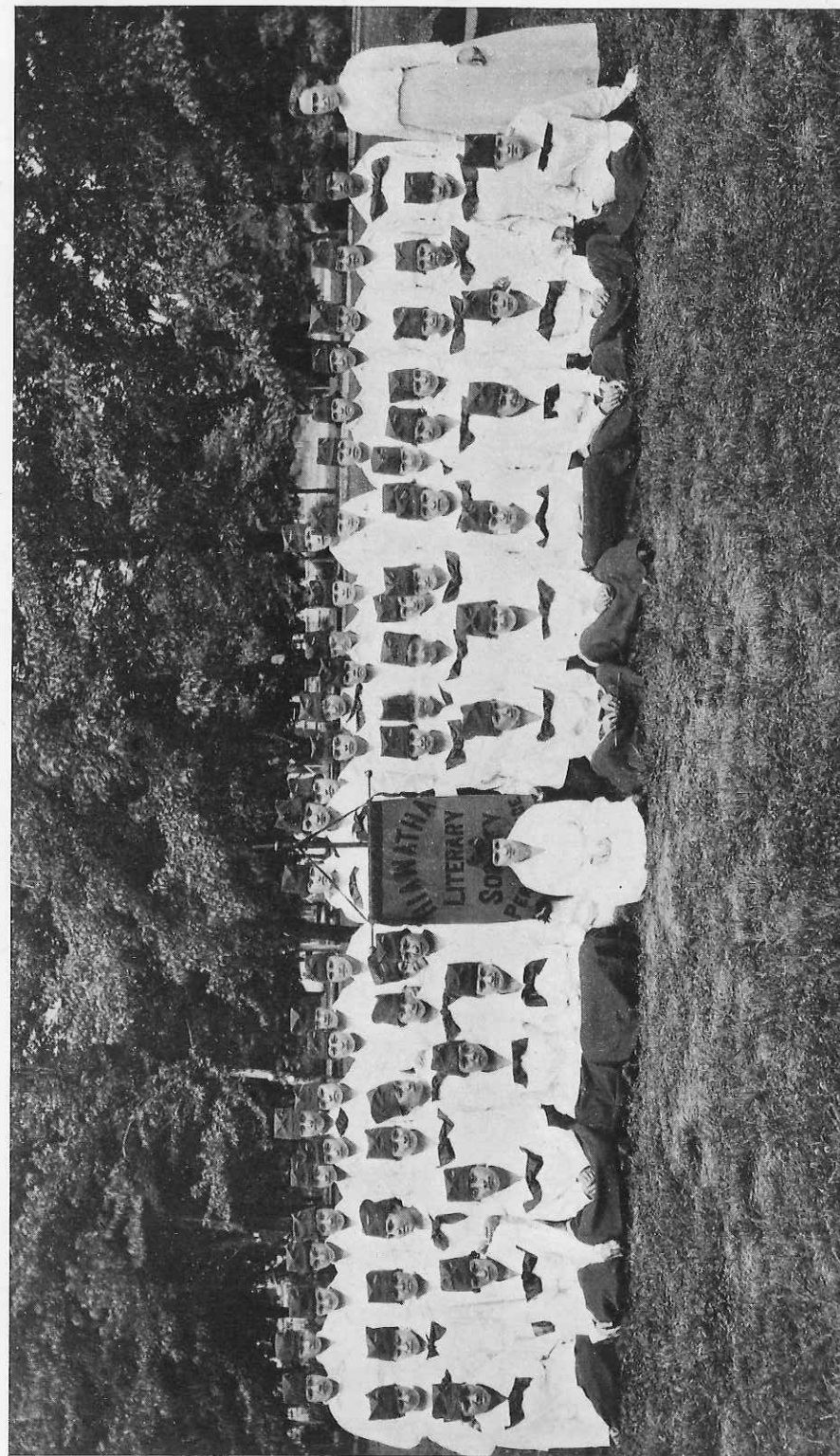
Vidal Zuniga enlisted in the army. He was sent to Ft. Riley for training. There he was put in the ambulance corps of the Rainbow Division and was made a first sergeant. From Ft. Riley he was sent to France where he has gone through all the fighting but has not received a scratch, and is now once more in “God's country,” to the joy of all his friends.

Carlos Talimontes, a former student and employee, was working in Detroit, Michigan, in an automobile factory receiving splendid wages, but Carlos couldn't resist the call, so putting his work aside he enlisted in the army. He is in the 29th Division of Engineers. He has been in France about a year doing some fighting but he has not been wounded.

Edward Nelson, a member of the class of '18 enlisted in the navy. He was on the North Dokata guarding the coast during the war.

Jacob Leader was a member of the State Militia and at the time of the trouble in Mexico he was sent to the border. When the United States went to war he was sent to Ft. Riley for training. There he was put in the headquarters company of the Rainbow Division. He was sent to France where he did a great deal of fighting but has not been wounded.

Bert Hayman enlisted in the Marines at Joplin, Missouri. From there he was sent to St. Louis, Mo., to be examined, from there to Paris Island, South Carolina, from there to Pontiac, Virginia, from there to France where he experienced some terrible fighting. He went over the top seven times. In the battle of Chateau Thierry he was gassed but was able to rejoin his regiment in time to take part in the second Marne Campaign, was in the Soissons slaughter and the terrors of the Argonne Woods and was wounded at St. Mihiel, from that time he was in the hospital until he was sent back to the United States. After arriving in the States, Bert was given a furlough and while at home he paid Chilocco a visit. In a simple but thrilling narrative he told us of his many



THE HIAWATHA LITERARY SOCIETY



THE CHILOCCO CHOIR

narrow escapes and his great experience.

Willie Tiger enlisted in the army. He was sent to Ft. Logan, Colorado, for training, from there on to Honolulu, where he spent the most of his enlistment, from there to Ft. Sam Houston, from there to Ft. Sill, Okla., there he was given a discharge.

Among those who entered the army under the draft are:

Asa Froman, a member of the class of '18. He is in the 142nd division. He was sent to France where he was engaged in some severe fighting but was not wounded.

David Mills entered camp at Ft. Riley where he was put in the hospital corps, from there he was sent to Camp Dix, New Jersey, and from there to France. His company is now at Treves, Germany, and while away the time David is taking violin lessons from a German professor.

Richard Boynton is in the 344th F. A. Supply Company. He went to France and although he did not do any fighting he was in great danger while bringing up the clothing and food to the front line trenches.

Charles Wesley, a member of the class of '15, and Aaron Hancock, a member of the class of '16, entered at Camp Travis, Texas, there they were put in the 90th division. They were sent to France where they did some fighting but were not injured. They have recently been engaged in an Indian play for the pleasure of the boys "over there."

Henry McKinney, a member of the class of '18, was in the 352nd Infantry. He was sent

to France and although he is crippled as a result of the war he wasn't wounded, but in his first battle, when dodging a shell, he fell into a shell hole and was injured in the knee.

Charles Shortneck is in the 142nd Infantry. In the battle of Argonne he was gassed. After spending three weeks in the hospital he was able to return to duty.

Simeon Mosely was at Camp Merrit, New Jersey, when the awful Spanish Influenza swept across the country claiming Simeon as its victim.

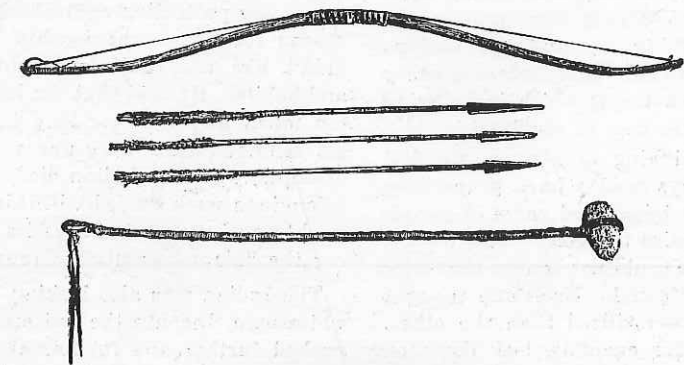
Bennet Lavers, a member of the class of '14 received his training at Camp Travis; from there he was sent to France where he did some noble fighting but he was killed in the battle of Argonne.

David Johnson, a member of the class of '17, received his training at Camp Travis; from there he was sent to France and through the horrors of the trenches. He was killed at the river Meuse about a week before the armistice was signed.

These three boys have sacrificed their lives for liberty but their death has not been in vain for peace now reigns over the world.

These Indian boys with their slogan, "Never Surrender," went into battle with the determination to win, and putting their "shoulder to the wheel" stuck to the job till they won.

They have gallantly proved themselves to be equal with any race and through them we hope as Indians to be given a higher place in civilization.



WHAT THE TRAINING CAMP HAS DONE FOR THE INDIAN

By WILLIAM KEEL



SINCE the discovery of America, the Indians have made rapid progress in civilization through the fact that they have been taught by missionaries and given schools; but, the greatest reason is that their environment was shaped by adherence to the white race.

Comparing the Indians during America's infancy, we find that they were like the people of the primitive ages. So, a little more than three centuries have changed their character, their mode of living, their suspicion and superstition to greater knowledge.

When we realize what a great advancement the Indian has made in such a short time, we then wonder how it has come about. One reason is that from the beginning of settlements in this country, the Indian has been more or less at war with other tribes and races; and while they were at war, they observed many methods of warfare and military tactics. By observing while they were at war with the white race, they gradually took up part of their mode of warfare, and a great deal of their ambition. By taking up these things, they were beginning to realize that the white race was giving them more knowledge. Year by year these changes were going on, and the Indians have still been grasping and observing every opportunity given them, which is bringing them nearer to the door of civilization.

From the beginning of history, we find that it has always been a hard proposition for the different tribes and races of people to see and recognize the good of the others. One tribe or race could not believe that they and others were equal. Each one thought that it was more civilized than the other.

The Chinese, for example, look down on us and say that we are unmannerly and uncivilized; we look down on them and call them "Chinks" and "rat-eaters," and say that they are one thousand years behind the

times. The Mexicans call us "Gringos," and we call them "greasers." We used to call the French "frog-eaters," but since the declaration of war against Germany, being with the French in many of the battles of the great World War, going through the many hardships together, living and sometimes enjoying themselves together, and suffering and dying together for the same cause, has brought the two countries in close touch where they now love each other.

We can now understand why the different races of people do not consider themselves equal. Simply because they did not form companionship to cooperate and push towards the goal of higher and more advanced civilization.

The white man has looked down on the Indian from the time of the discovery of America by Columbus. Why has this been true? Because he and the Indian have not been companions. The white man, when given his choice of companionship, had no preference for the Indian's association; neither was the Indian's preference for association with the white man. The desire of each race was to be off to itself.

The white man didn't like the Indian's savagery; so he broke friendly relations with him when he proved to be so fierce and warlike, and he did everything in his power for protection against him. Another reason for non-companionship was that he didn't like the Indian's manner of living and habits. He said that the Indian roamed too much and was too lazy to work, that his religious ideas were unreasonable. For example, when an Indian died, many of his belongings were buried with him, that they might be of some benefit to him after reaching the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

The Indian was also looking down on the white man, because the red man was being pushed further and further away from his hunting grounds until he could go no further; because the white man was forcing him to obey unknown laws; and he could not forget some of the harsh treatment

given them by the Spanish. All this the Indian thought, was doing him wrong.

There were many other reasons why they disliked each other; but the whole truth is that neither race understood the other, because they as a whole could not be together often enough. Why they could not be together very often was because of their hatred towards each other, they would not throw down their weapons to form companionship until nearly two centuries after the discovery, when the first treaties were being made.

The training camps of the recent war have changed the bitter feelings of the two races and have caused them to be more eager to help one another, because the Indian has been friendly with the whites and the whites were friendly with the Indians, there being but a very small number of Indians in camps in proportion to the great number of whites. This is one reason why the rapidly increasing popularity of the Indian impresses the mind of his white brother more than would that of a white person.

Coming to the recent Great World War, we find the Indian ready and eager to sacrifice himself and push on to make the world safe for democracy. Because of this ready response of Indian youth to the call for fighting men, and the leaving of their homes to go to training camps, their people who were left behind also responded to the call of "More Food," "More Money," and "Economizing," just as freely as their one-time enemy, but now a brother, the white man.

While the Indian was in the training camp he was learning more about his white brother, which was drawing friendship nearer and nearer. He was treated just as the white race were so he was beginning to realize that he was just what others were; that is he was fighting for the same Country, for the same purpose, and for the same rea-

son. While he was learning this, he was still making friends; by making friends he was still becoming more popular. By going through the many hardships thrown upon him, and by taking part in many activities, he is becoming much more self-reliant. He is becoming more dependent and independent. He may have but a little education, yet he appears to have more than he really has. By possessing good appearance, more notice is taken of him, and by being noticed he is given greater chances to prove his qualities and ambition. All these things, the Indian has grasped while in military service.

Economizing has always been one of the hardest tasks of the Indian; but since the United States has been in the great struggle, he is more than glad to help all he can, which is a great lesson to him.

He has had a greater opportunity while in this struggle of nations to be with his practically unknown white brother in every event, therefore he was undoubtedly reaching his height of popularity while he was in the training camp.

This war has proved to the United States and to the world that the Indian is for Uncle Sam and that as a people they are as loyal, as willing to suffer hardships, and as willing to give their lives to their country as were any other race.

We do not know, but we do believe that the Indian who has returned from the training camp and those who are yet to return from training camps and abroad, full of courage and ambition, with a more perfect stature, with a broader view of the world, will prove to the people that their vision is focused on a prosperous future. However, we can only wait and let time interpret the results of the splendid opportunities which have been given by the training camp, and accepted by the American Indian.



CLASS POPHECY

By EDNA PROPHET



ABOUT fifteen years ago the class of '19 left Chilocco and for years I had wondered what each one was doing.

About five years ago I was glancing over a daily when I noticed the glaring headline, "Wooth elected President." Owen had always been a staunch democrat and in his presidential campaign he had won a host of followers. Since his election the U. S. has had the most prosperous times ever known and the world has been made safe for democracy.

One morning not long ago I received a telegram from Eunice saying that she was going to start on a world tour and wanted to know if I could accompany her. I accepted and in a few days she arrived at my home in Tampa, Florida.

The following day we left on the Western Limited, one of the best lines in the world. Later we found out that Andy Alberson was its owner and president.

We made the trip through to the Pacific coast then stopped at San Francisco while we bought our tickets to sail on the "Service" for Shanghai, China. We could only stop for one day so we took a taxi and made a journey through the city. In front of a large theater we saw in blazing letters, "Wright, the great tenor in company with Mlle. Colvard, soprano, tonight."

We certainly wanted to hear Myrtle and David but we had several last things to do before our long voyage.

At seven the next morning we boarded the ship and found our stateroom at once. In a little while we went out on the deck and were startled to hear a familiar voice issuing commands. We glanced around and saw Chester Hubbard. He was the captain of this ship which is the largest and best on the Pacific.

We had a very pleasant voyage due largely to Chester's ability to see that his passengers were well entertained.

At last we landed at Shanghai and when we stepped on the dock we were met by the President of China, another member of class

'19, Arthur Johnson. China has at last begun to awaken through his influence and is now known as a very energetic country.

While we were still in China we met Lucinda, who is a very brilliant missionary. She said that she enjoyed her work exceedingly, also that she taught school for a while. The Chinese could learn very easily. It reminded her of our lessons at Chilocco. Her pupils did not have such hard times as we did with algebra, rhetoric and ancient history.

The next week we left Shanghai with a caravan for Constantinople. This caravan company is the richest in Europe and Asia and is owned by Jesse Whitetree. We had a very pleasant time with him also.

We only spent a few hours in Constantinople. We then boarded a ship bound for Brest, France, and arrived there in a few days. We went at once to Paris to try to find some more members of our class.

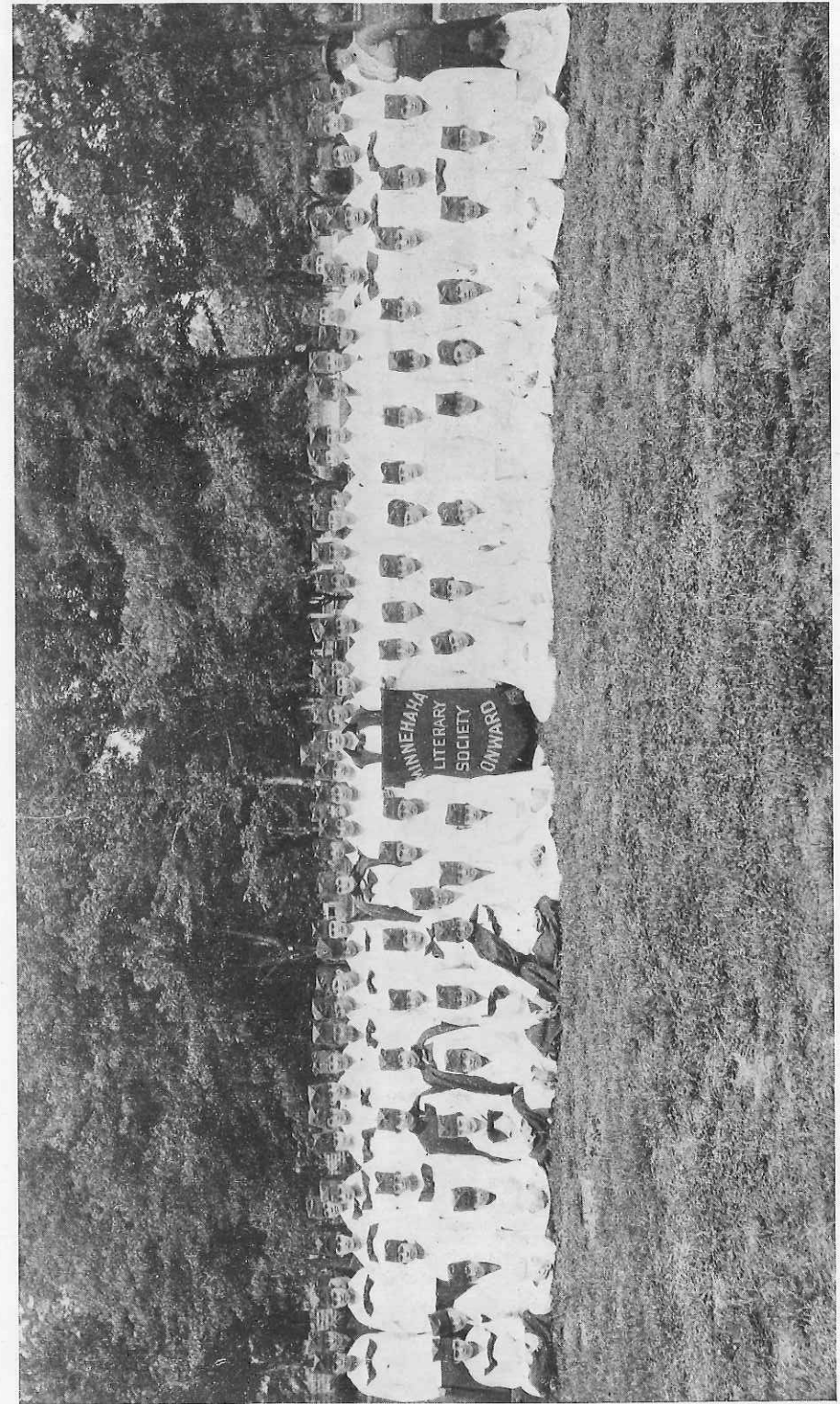
As we were passing down a large avenue we saw a grand opera house called the "Daisy." People were streaming in and large crowds were waiting outside to get places. Eunice and I joined the crowd and it was almost five hours before we could force an entrance. We had not yet learned what the main program consisted of, nor did we have any idea of what we were going to see.

In a few minutes the curtain rose and the principal actresses for the evening appeared. We at once recognized Minnie and Helen, two more light-hearted members of our class.

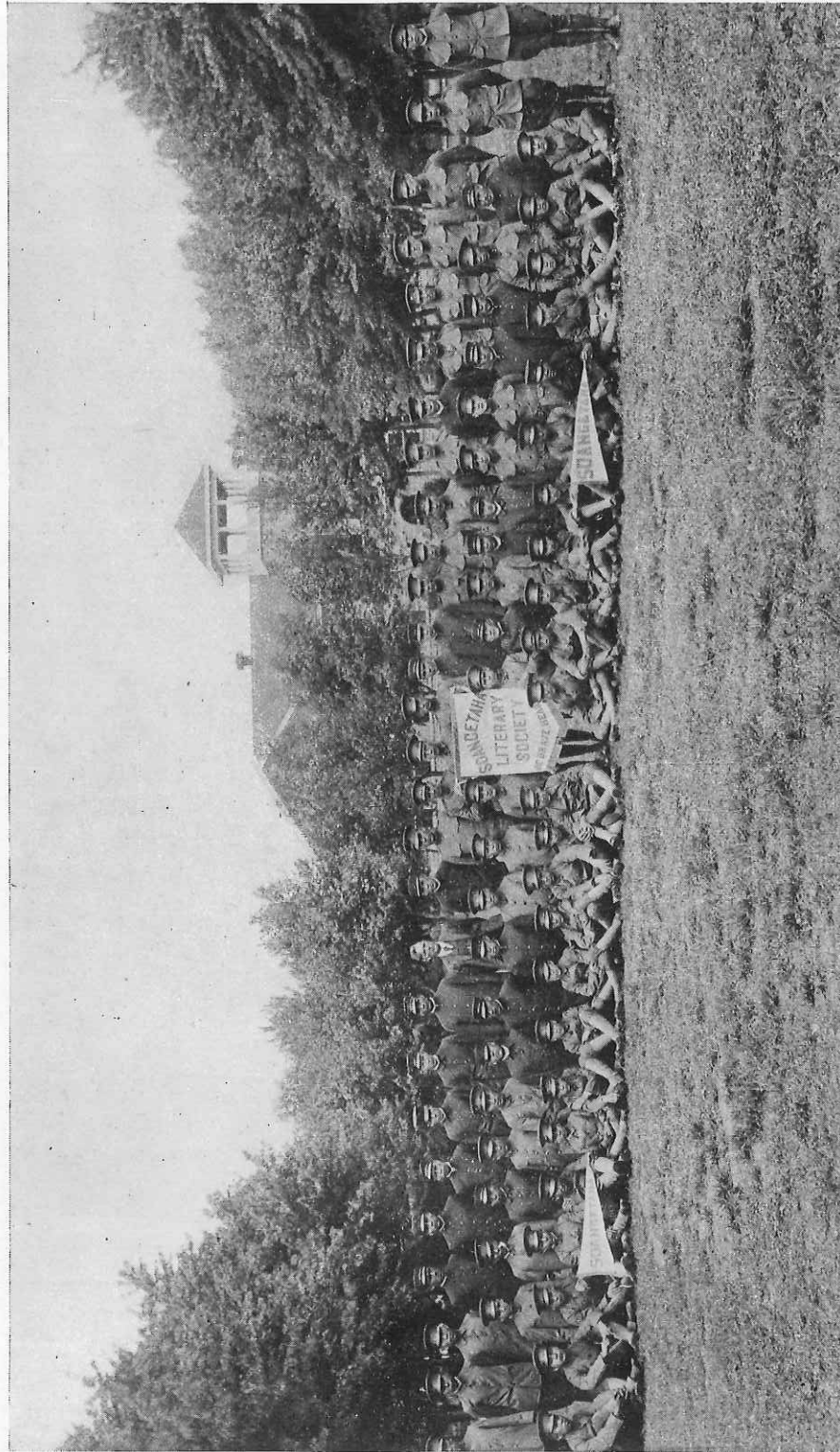
After the finale we went behind the scenes and had quite a chat with them. They said that Mary was in the same city as a teacher of Home Economics.

We made a tour of Paris and then left for London where we heard of the greatest electrical engineer ever known, Jonas Sullivan. The city was blazing with his inventions and achievements. He was very busy then so we did not have a chance to visit him.

We left London in an airplane piloted by John Johnson. He is the captain of the "nineteenth" flying squadron, owned by England. This band of airplanes is one of the largest and most important lines of trans-



THE MINNEHAHA LITERARY SOCIETY



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portation and its route covers the world.

We went as far as Montevideo, Argentina, where we had to stop for supplies so we bade him good-bye.

We could stay only a few hours there and while we were walking around the city we met Maurice and Alfred. They said that they were spending a week there with their base-ball team, "The Blue and Gold." They had recently won the world championship and were then traveling.

We next went overland to Lima, Peru, where a large submarine station is located, owned by Willie Keel. This company also furnishes a means of transportation. We were able to get our tickets to sail on the "Chilocco" at once, so we boarded the "sub" and started on our journey. This "sub" was equipped with all the most modern inventions and was one of the most comfortable places we had yet seen.

Our route took us around Cape Horn and from there straight to New York.

We had at last come back to the great United States after one of the most wonderful of journeys.

A few hours after we arrived in the city a regimental parade was given. It was one of the best parades we ever saw and General Sheyahshe was the leader. He won his commission a few months ago and we were glad to know that another member of Class '19 had attained great honors.

We left in a few days for my home then Eunice returned to her villa in Vera Cruz, after quite a lengthy visit with me.

We always knew that our class was great and worthy of great honors and our trip had confirmed our belief. We are glad to say that none have failed yet. All we are we owe to our dear teachers and to our Alma Mater, Chilocco.



TO OUR TEACHERS

BY MINNIE MCKENZIE

DEAR faithful Teachers,
 How can we thank you?
 How can we offer
 The praise to you due?
 You, who were so patient,
 And could understand
 Our trials and problems
 Which were always on hand.

Dear Teachers, 'tis useless
 To try to express
 Our reluctance at parting,
 But you know it is best.
 For you have helped fit us
 Our duty to do,
 And we are now ready
 Our course to pursue.

Think not, dear Teachers,
 We'll ever forget
 How you steered us safely
 Through troubles we've met
 And in the years of the future,
 When new banners gleam
 We tust you'll remember
 The Class of "Nineteen."

CLOSING DAYS AT CAMP PIKE

By JOHN JOHNSON



BEFORE the close of my stay at Camp Pike, I had become corporal in the development battalion—and had passed through many interesting experiences.

During my last week in "Non Com" we had a great excitement in camp. It was reported that Germany had ceased firing. This was about 11 o'clock one night, whistles were blowing, bells ringing, bugles yelling, all the kinds of noises you could imagine.

I was in my bunk then, but got up and slipped on my clothes and beat it over to "Y" hall. It was crowded there so that a dog could not get through, then I went to Camp Headquarters and found a crowd there, then I went over to the Western Union.

There I saw the greatest excitement, some soldiers were so happy over it that they jumped up in the air and let their bodies hit the floor, one of the men was taken to the hospital that night on account of jumping around so much. There were about 15,000 soldiers at the Western Union and they kept the excitement up for two or three hours.

Next morning the boys were buying papers everywhere. After they found out that the report was not true, they were all broken up. The captains told their men not to get it in their heads that the war was over, so everybody went back to the hard training but with confidence that the war would soon end.

Soldiers were leaving for eastern camps every day, getting ready for overseas duty, but the boys in the development battalion did not drill or work extra duty, they only had inspection every day at nine o'clock. We stayed around the barracks during the day, then we could go where we liked at night if we returned in time for reveille.

Finally the report came out that the armistice had been signed on Nov. 11th. This time the report was true so they allowed us a holiday all day Tuesday. About two o'clock in the morning whistles commenced blowing, there was shooting and shouting and cars were going in every direction. They had such

a big bonfire in Little Rock that it was bright as day.

About 8 o'clock in the morning the people commenced coming into the camp in cars with bells on the back or old clothes dragging on the ground, and making all kinds of noises. Everybody that passed our barracks said to us that we were going home soon.

There were about 4,000 soldiers who had just come to serve their country when the armistice was signed so they paraded around the camp all day long and that evening they went home on the same train. That was the first time I ever saw so many flags displayed on cars everywhere. I will never forget the day in camp when the World War ended. Some soldiers said that we ought to fight on till we got the last German.

Everything was quiet next day, it seemed as if no one was at the camp. For about two weeks after the armistice was signed they discharged soldiers every day. A week before Thanksgiving day we invited our neighbor, Co. B, to our Company for dinner. That afternoon we marched over to "Y" for a farewell address from the Colonel.

Thanksgiving day we ate dinner at one o'clock. Believe me! we sure had some things to eat. After the meal each man received a package of cigarettes and a cigar.

So things went on till December 18th when a whole battalion left camp. The week before the 18th I was called into the orderly room to write discharges for the boys in our company. It took us one whole week to get through. We worked from eight each morning till four or five the next morning; we were excused from every formation.

The orderly boys were the first to get their meals. We got our lunch at twelve o'clock in the night and worked till four or five o'clock in the morning, then we would go to work again at eight o'clock.

On Dec. 12th we turned in everything that was issued to us except the bed ticks and blankets. We got through with the discharge papers on Tuesday, the 17th. Wednesday, Dec. 18th, after breakfast, the last whistle blew for us to fall in. The captain came out with discharge papers, then he lined the men up in alphabetical order. After he got

through giving out papers, he told how glad he was to have us in his company.

Now we left the barracks for the Quartermaster Department for our pay. We were there in line for two hours. After we got our money then we went to the depot for tickets. There were three companies ahead of us, while I was standing there it seemed as tho', we were not going to get out at all, but finally our time came and I was the first one of our company to get a ticket, after securing mine I got on the train and waited for an hour.

At twelve o'clock we left the camp, everybody singing the old infantry, artillery, and other songs. When we reached Little Rock

I did not waste any time getting over to the Rock Island depot.

I was the only Indian there that day and the people of Little Rock invited me to stay there but I told them I could not stay another day or hour as I was anxious to see my mother at home. I left Little Rock with fourteen Oklahoma boys and I got to my home town at four o'clock in the morning and my mother came after me the next day. Now that I am back to Chilocco again, I am proud to say that I was in Uncle Sam's army when the World War ended. That six months at Camp Pike seemed like six years to me but I was glad to be called "Uncle Sam's doughboy."



THE VALUE OF HORTICULTURE TO THE FARMER

By JESSE WILLIS WHITETREE



HORTICULTURE, as it is generally known, includes fruit-growing only, but when we look closer at the subject the classification is a much broader one than that. There are four great branches of horticulture, pomology, or fruit-growing; olericulture, or vegetable-growing; floriculture, or flower-growing; and landscape gardening.

Many farmers will declare that they cannot afford the time necessary to establish and maintain an orchard. As a matter of fact they can afford to do just that thing, and if they only go at it in a systematic way they can find pleasure and profit in the undertaking. "There is little worth having that is obtained without effort." It will take some effort to establish a good orchard, but it will return ten-fold in the health and happiness of the family, in the increased value of the farm, in providing healthful and agreeable employment for the children, and in keeping them contented on the farm.

Every advancement of the human race has been marked by the bettering of its inhabitants and surroundings. In our own land is the evolution from the wigwam of the Red Man in the forest to the palatial homes of the twentieth century set in beautiful lawns and blossoming shrubs.

Every farmer of the day should know how to grow fruit trees that will produce the variety of fruit he wants. And he should be sufficiently well versed in horticulture to know how to take care of his trees in the proper way; that is, how to protect them from their enemies. "Every plant has its insect enemy, or, more correctly its insect lover, which feeds upon it, delights in its luxuriance, but makes short work,—it may be of leaves, it may be of flowers, it may be of fruit."

Every sensible farmer will readily admit that no farm home is complete without an orchard and fruit garden large enough to supply an abundance of fruit, at least for family use.

The old style apple orchard usually had as many varieties as it had trees, and the

trees were exposed to all kinds of insects and diseases. The fruit was shaken from the trees, or picked from the wagon and put directly into barrels. The barrels were shipped to market and if the owners received fifty cents per barrel they thought they were doing very well. But when a man raises apples such as are exhibited in store windows he expects something more than just his labor out of them, and in order to obtain that end, he must use different methods.

Many farmers make the mistake of trying to grow fruit trees from seed. Trees grown from seed will not produce the required fruit unless they are budded or grafted.

We deem it profitable when every tract of land occupied by a man and his family, produces enough of all kinds of fruit that grow in his locality, to supply his table both summer and winter, in return for the few hours' work during the year.

A great many of the farmers in this country feel that their land and conditions are not adapted to horticultural purposes, that they cannot raise an orchard or small fruits, when, really, they have not given it a trial. They figure that it is more profitable if they raise corn and oats, and sell those and buy the fruit they need. It might be possible in some instances to figure out more profit that way, but here is the point—the

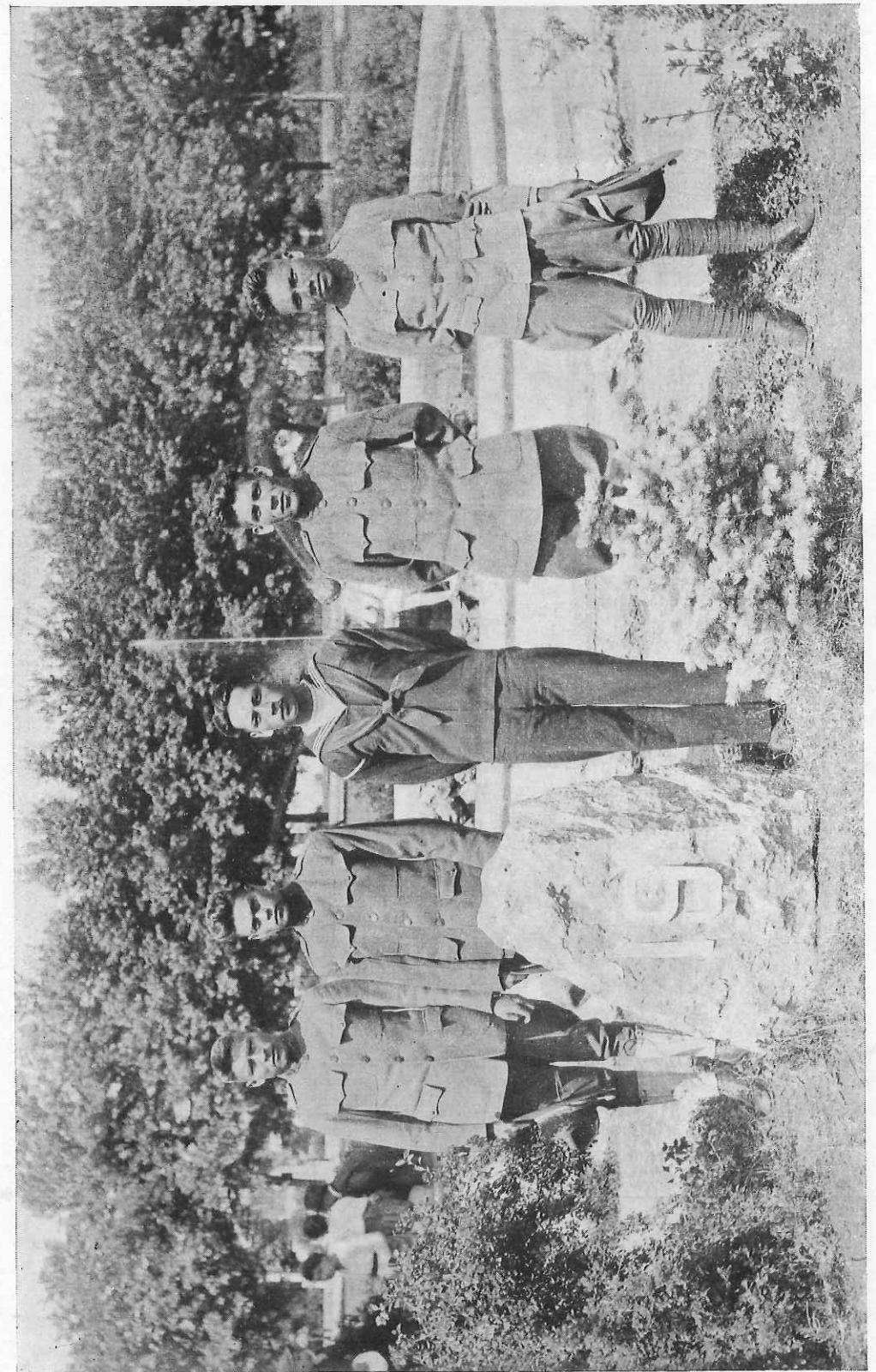
apples and other fruits, when raised at home,—you have them when you want them and in sufficient abundance. Those we have to buy we sometimes cannot get when we want them, and the usual experience is that where fruit and vegetables must be bought, the farmer usually gets along with much less than he would otherwise use. Apples, especially, probably contribute more to the health of the family in the winter than any other article of diet, probably do more to keep doctors at home than anything else.

While that is pretty hard on the doctors, it is a pretty good thing for the people, and I will rejoice to see the time when every farmer in this country will have a few apple trees and take care of them in such a way that they will always bear.

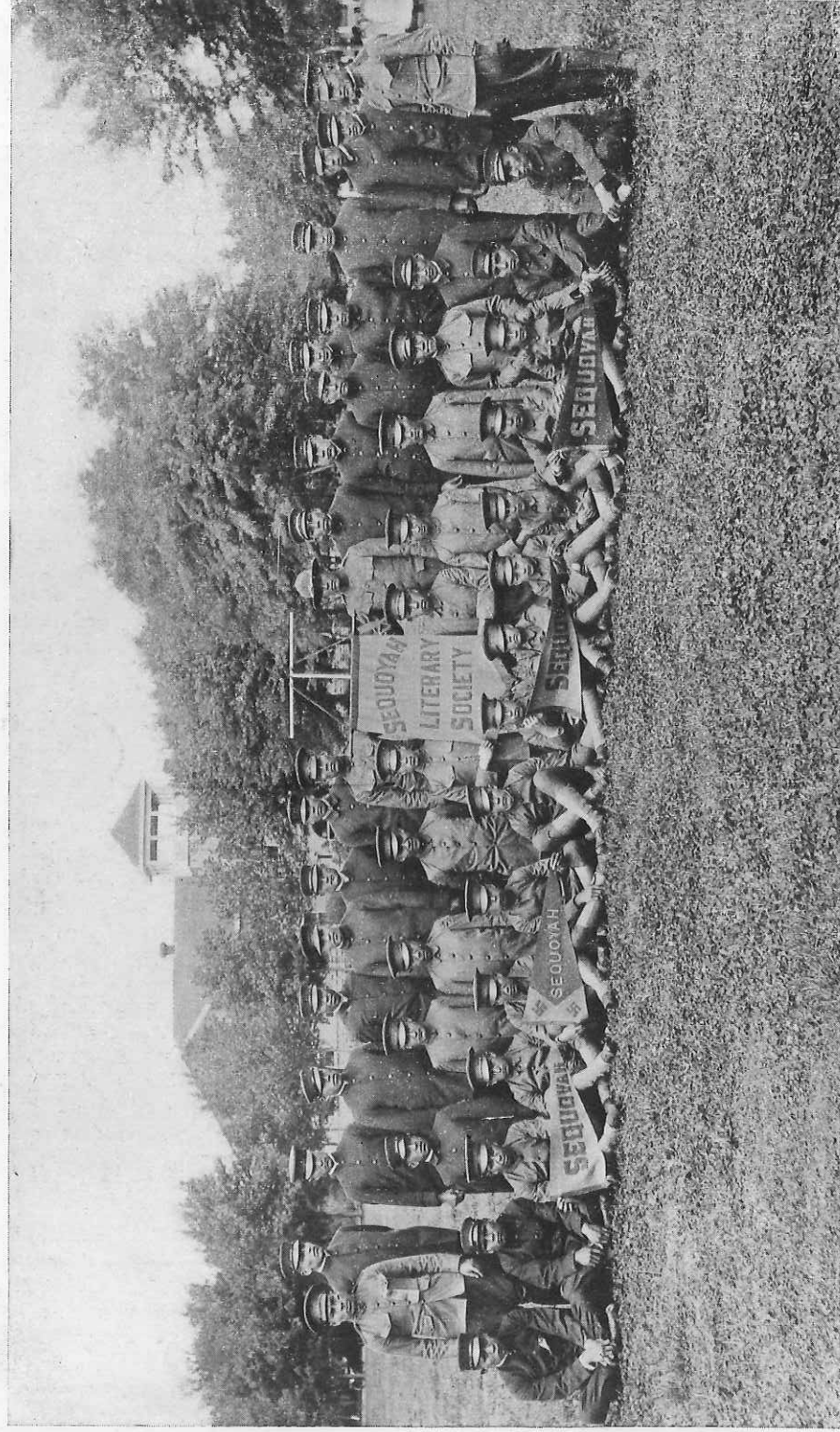
In conclusion, permit me to say to the man having the desire to enter a two-fold field of industry—profitable fruit-growing in connection with farming, be not dismayed for want of capital provided you have the knowledge, proceed with what you have and be patient with a small beginning, and in a few years you will be able to do all you desire. And to you who have the capital, but lack knowledge, proceed slowly until you have acquired the knowledge sufficient to run a small plantation well, then increase according to your capital.



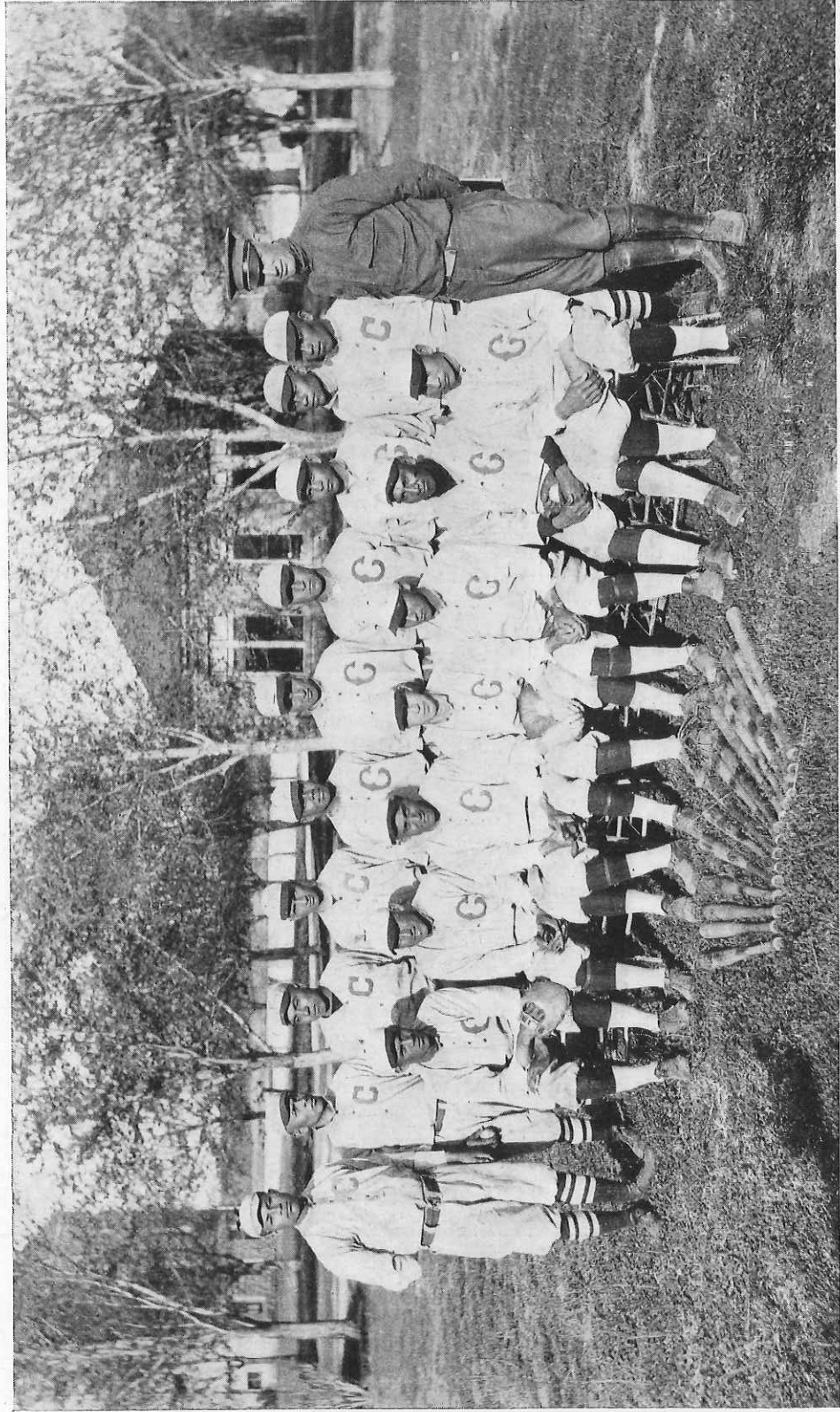
GOING AFTER "ROCK NINETEEN"



THE FIVE SENIORS WHO SERVED UNCLE SAM



THE SEQUOYAH LITERARY SOCIETY



THE 1919 BASEBALL TEAM

A STORY: TOLD BY A STONE IN THE WALLS OF HOME TWO

By ARTHUR JOHNSON



NE evening while resting on the porch of Home Two I heard a stone in its walls tell of its coming to Chilocco many, many years ago, and of how the buildings and the school grew and grew. The story was told in somewhat the following way.

In the year 1882 this school was begun under the direction of Mr. James M. Haworth, superintendent at the time. In 1884 the pupils were beginning to come in and the school was started. Later Mr. Haworth asked the farmer and the boys to go out into the pasture and round up the cattle and pick out four span of the strongest and largest cows in the herd and haul the stone to erect more buildings. They picked the cattle out, trained them for the work, and traveled successfully to and from the stone quarry about three miles southeast of the school.

At that early period there were no trains near Chilocco and the pupils were brought here in wagons. The first to come were mostly Cheyennes. These boys and the farmer with their cow teams cleared the stone quarry off and hauled forty cords of stone to put into the buildings. Home Two was the first building erected with a few old frame houses to keep coal in, for the laundry work, etc.

Everything was in Home Two at this time; the hospital, school rooms, kitchen, dining room, and employees' quarters. After the building was started it was fenced in because the grounds which are now so beautifully decorated with green trees, shrubbery, grass, and flowers, were nothing then but a mere pasture with large herds of cattle roaming over it.

As time went on the school began to liven up. Mr. Haworth went to Wichita, Kansas, and bought some horses and mules for the school. After the teams were purchased and brought to the school the farmer and boys plowed up all the ground north of the school

and sowed it in oats. At this early period they did not have implements to work with as they have now, so they could not do much work and had to get along the best they could with what they had. But in a few years things began to change.

If the old Superintendent could visit Chilocco now he would find things very different. After getting off the train the first things that would confront him would be the vast fields of ripening wheat as far as he could see. As he came closer to the school he would think it was a city. There are about five hundred students now attending school from something like forty different tribes of Oklahoma and a few other states.

He would find the farmers growing every kind of crops imaginable. He would find a large dairy barn with two large cement silos: one of the largest and best equipped barns in the state of Oklahoma.

The buildings at Chilocco are all made of stone of a soft cream color from our quarry.

In the past horses were required to do all of the work but now they do only a part of it, tractors are used for the plowing, and harvesting, and it is an interesting thing to see the tractor moving along, followed by four binders. The blacksmith department makes a few of the wagons, all of the hay wagons, all of the hay frames and keeps the farm machinery in repair. Our carpenter boys put in all of the floors, build a few frame buildings and make some furniture. The harness department makes all of the harness used here and some for the other schools, and repairs all of the students' shoes. The power and ice plant which runs night and day is a great improvement over the early part of the school's history, when kerosene lamps gave light at night and ice was almost an unknown quantity. The boys get practical work in plumbing and pipe fitting.

The Indian Print Shop is another interesting department of the school. In this shop is published the "Indian School Journal," an illustrated magazine devoted to Indian education, in this shop also is published a weekly paper called the "Chilocco News." The shop

is equipped with modern machinery and the presses, stitching machine, saw trimmer and linotype are operated by individual motors, and in every way it is a first class print shop.

The domestic science department is a beautiful place at Chilocco. You will find a well equipped dining room, with nice furniture. Everything in this department is well organized and well arranged. There are several other departments that could well be mentioned but I want to speak of the domestic art department where the girls are taught to make their own clothes, do fancy work, to make rugs, and to mend neatly.

Now there is no excuse for a pupil leaving school and not making good when he has had the training and is well prepared to earn a living and become an intelligent and industrious citizen. I am growing old, even stone walls do not stay young always, and it does my aged heart good to see what wonderful changes for the better have taken place at Chilocco since I was brought here fresh from the quarry. Whispers of great improvements still come to me, which I hope to be spared to see.

With this the stone dozed off to sleep, and I hastened to write down all he had told me.



THE CHOCTAWS: LONG AGO AND NOW

By LUCINDA BILLY



THE Choctaws once occupied southern Mississippi and the adjoining parts of Alabama. They were sedentary and agricultural, slow yet warlike in disposition, contrasting strongly with their cousins, the restless Chickasaws. After the close of the Revolution they began to drift westward into Louisiana.

In 1830 they gave up all their remaining lands east of the Mississippi and set forth to their present country in the Indian Territory, and were under the government of the Choctaw Nation. There were then about 20,000 citizens in the nation of whom perhaps two-thirds may be pure Choctaw blood, but there are some hundreds remaining in Mississippi.

The Choctaws spent most of their time in amusements, such as horse racing, dancing, wrestling, footracing and ball playing, when it was announced that there would be a "great play" on a certain day people from all around came, some camped near the grounds.

They were also fond of fighting. When the men had been gone to fight for a few days and returned, the women would have a great fire made and after each warrior had told what he did they all took part in dancing around the fire.

The Choctaws are naturally cheerful, looking always on the bright side of things, and even when in trouble seem always to be happy.

They always had plenty but did not know how to make good use of what they had.

Game was their important article of food for it was plentiful, venison and bears' meat especially, for the men were good hunters.

Fish were abundant and easily caught but they seldom, if ever, ate them.

Men wore their hair long enough to enable them to make two braids, one on each side of the head. In front the hair was cut straight across above the eyebrows. Women allowed their hair to grow very long.

Both men and women painted, especially when dressed for dancing. One of the favorite patterns was a yellow crescent, outlined with blue, that was painted on both cheeks. It represented a new moon in the dark blue sky.

Tattooing was done only as a means of ornamenting the face and was practiced by both men and women.

They were also excellent basket makers and liked to do the work but the younger generation doesn't seem to take much interest in it.

Many of the Choctaws seem to be progressing very slowly, the old parents of today that have children are not making them go to school and are not trying very hard to give them an education for they don't realize that education is a great thing. But the younger generation, most of them, are trying to get an education for themselves and are successful.

In entering the homes of some you can easily tell if there is a school boy or girl in that home, for they often try to improve the home by making it more cheerful and comfortable.

You will find Choctaws in Oklahoma and Mississippi. A majority of those in Oklahoma are very different from what they were several years ago. There are more Choctaws living in McCurtain County than any other county in the state.

Some live just as well as any white man does now. The younger generation are

coming out from schools and have been a great help in making improvements in the homes, farms, and surroundings. They are getting their education and are pushing aside the customs of their ancestors until now their ways and character are like those of the white man.

Gabe Parker, the Superintendent of the five civilized tribes, is a Choctaw. He is well known, and so is Henry Cooper, the Choctaw representative. Peru Farver, another Choctaw, is the Superintendent of Armstrong Academy, a school for Choctaw boys. Their are others who are well educated but are not as well known as these.

There are four schools for the Choctaws only, in Oklahoma, Jones Male Academy, Armstrong Male Academy, Wheelock Female Academy, and Tuskahoma Female Academy; and every year these schools turn out boys and girls who are trained to work and depend upon themselves. Of course you will find Choctaw boys and girls in several other schools and many who have completed the course required of them and have entered on the future without fear.

Making a citizen is slow work, but I believe the Choctaws have their part to give to their State, and will measure up in the end, with the fellow citizens of their race.



THE SENIORS' WILL

By JONAS SULLIVAN



As the time draws near when we, the Senior Class of 1919, must take leave of our Alma Mater, we find ourselves with some possessions accumulated during our stay which we deem worth passing on. Therefore we do hereby give and bequeath to our successors a few of our most worthy keepsakes.

Dearly beloved Juniors, we are aware that you will miss us considerably since we have been as guides to you during the year, but you have one consolation, you will be Seniors someday, if not next year, and you will

necessarily be looked up to by the next year's Juniors.

We extend to you the right to publish the Annual for next year.

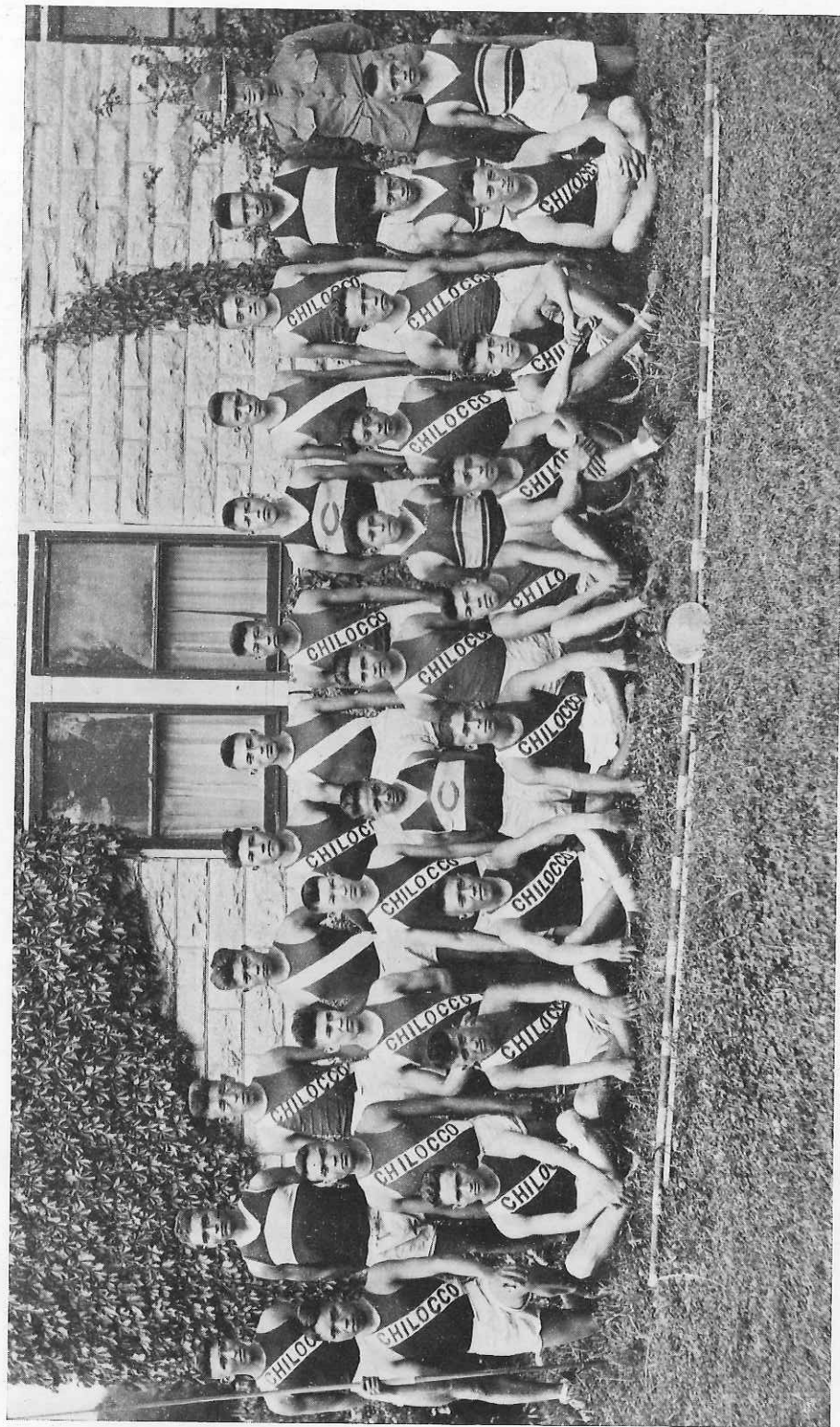
We bequeath the right to you to place a rock anywhere on the campus as a memorial to the class of 1920.

As painting the class year on the water tank is forbidden, we give the new class permission to try your artistic painting on the silo.

To Noah Hayes we give the right to care for our much used chalk box and erasers, as we hear he has the reputation of being a good Janitor.



THE 1918-19 BASKET BALL TEAM



THE 1919 TRACK TEAM

George Sheyahshe wishes to will "Goose Egg Island" to any member of the Junior Class who is capable of gathering the eggs. It might be well to state that a bridge is sometimes necessary to get out to the island.

A certain member of the Class wishes to bequeath to Lillie Baker her desk, which it has been her good fortune to keep for nine long years.

Eunice Johnson wishes to will to Eula Hughes her algebra. We all sincerely hope that Eula will be as good a mathematician as Eunice, but we doubt if she ever will be.

Minnie McKenzie wishes to bequeath to Lewlellyn Kingsley her poetic license, which she managed by good hard effort to secure some five years ago.

Maurice Bedoko, our Class Cartoonist, wishes to give to Robert Warden the privilege to draw cartoons for the next year's Annual.

We especially wish to add that we bequeath the "trophy" to the winners of the inter-class field meet. The Class of '19 are of the opinion that it ought to be theirs per-

menently, as we have had it for three successive years, but we are true sportmen and we are willing that the winners have it.

To the Sophomore Class we wish to give the special privilege of attending the Senior-Junior Masquerade next year, realizing that it is customary for these two classes to celebrate this festival together.

We give to the Freshman Class the authority to find a higher place than Haworth Hall cupalo on which to hang their colors, though we doubt if they can accomplish it. We also do hereby allow them to use asbestos cloth for their class banner.

The Class of '19 has had more privileges than any preceding class. We bequeath them one and all, to the class of '20, with the caution that their continuance requires a large amount of perspicuity and high-brow dignity on your part. We trust you will enjoy them one-half as much as we have done, as that will about measure your capacity for enjoyment.

Having thus disposed of all our valued possessions we wish the class of 1920 good luck, happiness, and success. Vale!



ATHLETICS

By DAVID WRIGHT



ATHLETIC games were brought to a high state of development among the ancient Greeks, and a class of professional athletes grew up, who began their training when scarcely out of boyhood. They were obliged to submit to a rigorous discipline, including careful avoidance of excesses, a special diet, regular exercise, and the cultivation of courage, self-control, and resourcefulness.

The Greeks were the most particular people in the world whenever the question of their bodies came up. They were the first people to develop physical culture, and they maintained a most rigid course of training.

The Greeks started the Olympic Games

and they are "the most important of the four great festivals of the Greeks."

Of the Britons before the Roman Conquest we know they were bold, active, and capable of bearing great fatigue.

The Romans drafted the strongest of them into the military service, and by the introduction of luxurious habits enfeebled the weaker ones left at home.

When the Normans ruled England they brought a new love for athletic contests: their tournaments, or "tilting" matches as they were called then, showed the muscular strength, horsemanship, and the skill in arms of the aristocracy.

With the decay of chivalry a great change took place toward the end of the fifteenth century, and exercises requiring the exertion of muscular strength went out of fash-

ion to such an extent that the government thought it necessary to interfere.

A proclamation of Henry VII established a series of exercises, with prizes to be contested for in open competition.

His successor, Henry VIII, added example to precept, in his younger days, and daily amused himself by casting the bar, wrestling, fencing with swords and battle-axes, throwing the hammer, and similar recreations in which few could excel him. Such pastimes with broad-jumping, and running, were, according to the authority of Thomas Wilson, "the necessary accomplishments of a man of fashion."

About the year 1850 an athletic revival occurred in England affecting all branches of sport.

Probably the first athletic sports held in modern fashion occurred at Exter College, Oxford, in 1852; they included sprints and long distance running, followed later by jumping, hurdling, and weight events.

Athletics became popular in the United States in the early seventies and with the coming of athletics the colleges became more popular, for the young men saw a way to develop their bodies as well as their brains.

In America as in England the colleges exert an important influence in amateur athletics, and any school, college or University that has no athletics is an unimportant one and has comparatively little influence in the community where it is located.

Athletics develop the body in such a way as nothing else will do. By exercise alone you only develop the muscle you exercise. You do not develop a keen, quick-thinking mind, you do not develop muscles that act with your thoughts. While in athletic games you are brought in personal contact with your opponent, you learn to see his side and your own, to block him, to outwit him, and at the same time your muscles are in perfect harmony with your thoughts, they have to be, to beat your opponent. You learn to think quickly, to act quickly, and most important of all, you learn to make decisions in an instant, and in almost all athletic games, when you have made that decision you can't change it until another play of the same kind comes up.

Then there is another thing that you can't get by taking exercises only, and it is one of the most important things of life, courage. This is what the American soldier in France

held above all other moral qualities—they hated cowardice and loved courage above everything.

The American nation might be said to be a nation of athletes and might also be said to be a nation overflowing with courage. The American soldier has always been noted for his athletic "turn of mind," and in the great world war, what soldier was more courageous than he?

During the training of soldiers here and abroad, almost all organizations interested in the soldier, issued call after call for athletic goods. Why? Because they recognized the need of something different from the daily recreation of reading and writing. The soldiers wanted a change, needed a change of recreation and needed it badly. What would develop their minds and at the same time put their morale on a better plane? They all came to the simple and sane conclusion that athletic games would do it.

The Spartans long ago recognized the value of exercise and athletic games toward the development of courage. They made a law requiring a boy when he reached his seventh birthday, to enter on a course of training designed to develop physical strength and courage, as well as the uncomplaining endurance of hardship, such as might serve a soldier. Who can say the Spartans were not among the most courageous peoples of their time?

The colleges and universities of to-day have gone to the trouble and expense of making a separate department of athletics. Most colleges require the student to take a certain amount of training in some kind of exercise.

Athletics do more than anything else toward developing school spirit, a thing which everyone delights to see, when it is of the right kind.

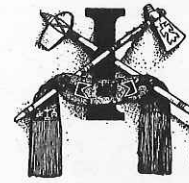
Chilocco has for its athletics, baseball, basket ball, and nearly all track events.

All I have written above concerning the value of athletics, is true with regard to Chilocco. In Oklahoma and Kansas wherever Chilocco is mentioned in connection with athletics, sporting men know it stands for clean athletics and good sportsmanship.

I am sure clean athletics will work for good both ways—within, it strengthens the individual and the morale of the school; without, it makes friends of the public and increases respect for the school.

VALEDICTORY—"SERVICE"

By MINNIE MCKENZIE



It is with deep feelings of regret that we, the class of '19, have come to bid farewell to our Alma Mater and to our friends and teachers so dear to us. Although the road to the goal which we have now reached has not been so easily traversed as some may have desired, we have toiled bravely onward and upward, until at length, we have reached the goal set when we first entered school, that of obtaining a diploma. The reaching of this goal, however, does not mean that we have reached our only goal, because we have others. Although we have given most of our attention to our first goal, we have not completely ignored others and having obtained one, we shall toil unceasingly to attain those others.

Then it is with joy also that we leave this school which has become so dear to us. Joy to know that we have succeeded and have attained the right to call Chilocco our Alma Mater. It is also with joy that we go out to take our places in the great wide world with intent to strive to live up to our motto, "Service."

"Service,"—what a small word to have such a wide and great meaning! This word has had a greater significance during the recent war than it has ever had before. One great meaning is the answering of the call of our dear country in the time of need, our boys have nobly responded. However, its only meaning is not enlistment in the army or navy. Besides service to our country there are many other ways in which we can be of service,—in the home, on the street, in public buildings, in the church, in social life, and indeed at every point where our lives come in contact with others. Then there is the service of love, little acts of kindness done without thinking and done in love. There is no better way to show our appreciation, than by service. This does not necessarily mean a canine-like devotion, but a feeling of intense joy in knowing that we are doing our duty and are trying to be of service.

Dear Teachers: To me has been awarded the honor of bidding you farewell for our

class and severing forever the tie which has held us together as a class so long. You who have so patiently and willingly assisted us over the rough places in our road, rejoicing with us in our successes and always urging us onward. We hardly know how to take leave of you,—you, whose strong hands have so carefully guided us in our journey onward. We shall miss the wise counsel and advice which you have so freely given us, but we could not hope to have you with us always. You have prepared us to take our responsibility into our own hands and to rely upon our own judgment to a great extent, and, although we shall be far from one another, we shall still have sweet memories of you, and we can never forget the many happy years we have spent under your instruction. We feel that we are indebted to you far above our power of expression, and our great aim will be to strive in many ways to repay the debt we owe you, so, again, dear teachers, with our hearts full of deep regret, yet gratitude also, we, the class of '19, bid you adieu.

Fellow Students: It is now our time to bid you farewell. We who have been your leaders during the past school term, who have worked and studied with you the past few years, and who have learned to care for you and to be interested in your welfare. We do not ask you to take strictly all the examples we have set, because we have our failings as well as our virtues. But there are some things which you may profit by and one is the resolution to stay with your books until your education is completed here. May you fully realize the importance of a thorough education and the interest that is taken in you that you might succeed. You will never realize what your school days mean to you until you are called upon to give them up and go out into the world. "Our bright and care-free school days are the happiest times in our life." How much truth there is in that short statement! Our school days are, indeed, happy and care-free, although at times we do not think it can be possible that our days are care-free and happy. But the small troubles which we encounter now are only minute, and amount to nothing com-

pared with the many and great difficulties which we will meet when we go out into the world to fight our troubles alone. Here we have the kind and encouraging advice of our instructors, but when we leave here we shall be alone. Then we will realize how absolutely care-free and happy our school days were.

To you, dear fellow students, we give the keeping of the honor of our Alma Mater. May you ever strive to upbuild her glorious name and withal do your duty by your teachers. You will never realize how much they have done for you until you are to leave them. Again, intrusting our Alma Mater to your keeping, the class of '19 bids you farewell.

Beloved Classmates: How can I tell you good-bye? How can we bid one another good-bye? We who have been so closely united during the past, and have spent so many pleasant hours together. We, who have studied and worked together, sharing alike

one another's sorrows and one another's joys. How can we disband and say good-bye? Yet we well know that we cannot hope to be together always, for we each have a task to perform. A position is awaiting us somewhere and it is our duty to seek and find what the world has in store for us. Some may go on to school; some take up business, and others take still other paths in life, for we have now completed our course and are ready to take up our work and play our part in the drama of life. Then, again, we cannot hope to live up to our motto, "Service," if we do not go out and take our place.

Now as our school days are over we are today to go forth and leave each other, perhaps never to meet again. May we ever have in mind our motto, and when our life's journey is completed may each one know that he has fulfilled his mission and has been of service to the world.

Again, to you dear classmates, teachers, and friends, Farewell!



CLASS SONG

BY EDNA PROPHET

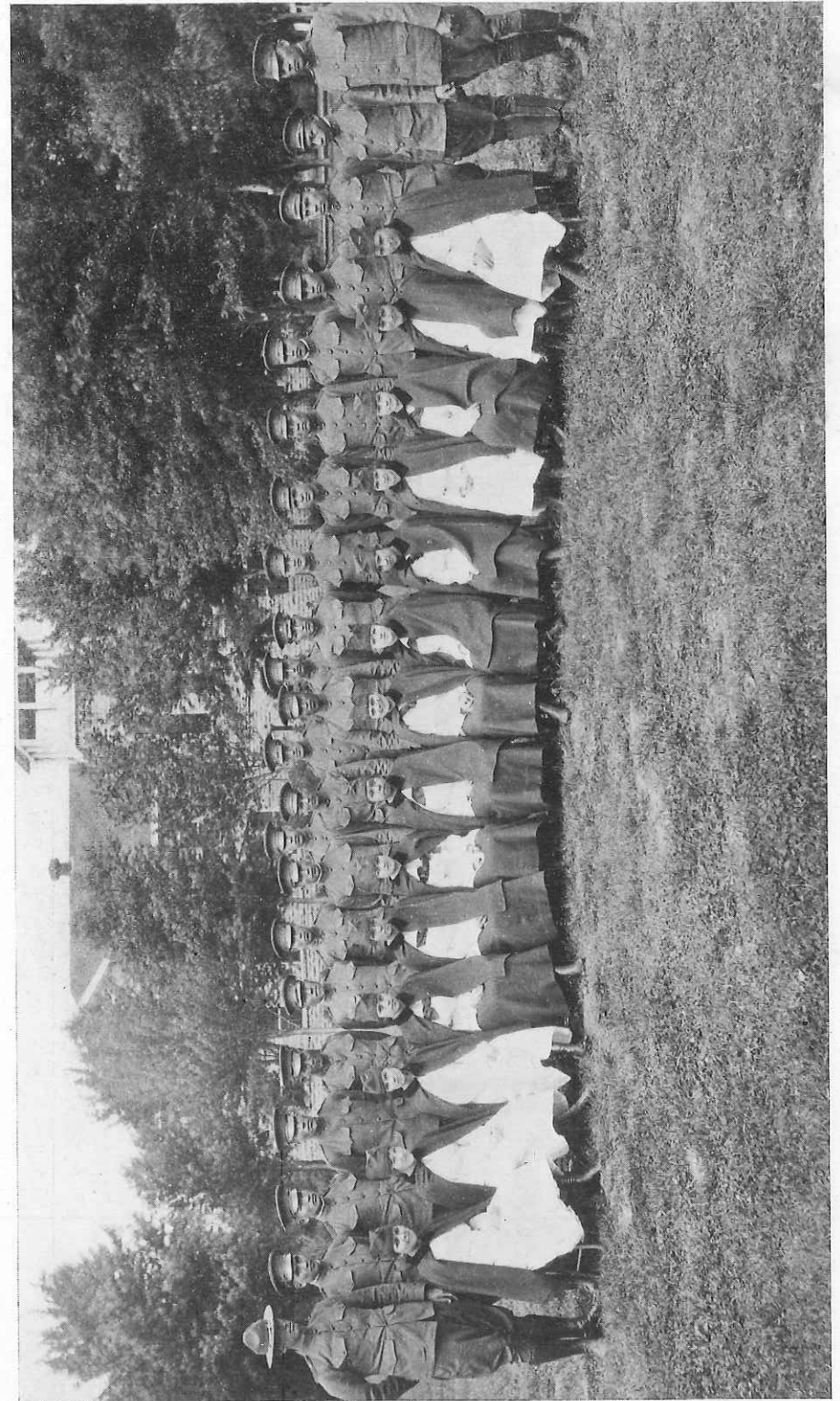
(Tune: "Beautiful Ohio").

NOT long ago, Seniors we know
At Chilocco were enrolled
'Neath its colors as of old.
Sad is the day, when we must say
Farewell to blue and gold.

CHORUS:

Raise on high the standard of our Class Nineteen,
Place our banner where it will forever gleam.
And we will be true to our gold and blue.
Thinking of the happy hours that we spent here,
Dreaming of our Alma Mater year by year.
Dear Class of nineteen you'll live in memory—
Visions of what used to be.

Raise on high the standard of our Class Nineteen,
Place our banner where it will forever gleam.
And we will be true to our Gold and Blue,
Thinking of the happy hours that we spent here—
Dreaming of our Alma Mater year by year.
Happy are our sweet dreams of thee, O schooldays fair—
Visions of what used to be.



CHILOCCO'S STANDARD BEARERS—THE OFFICERS

Emma Johnson
 Billy
 The Young Friends
 Becket
 Oscar
 Atakewahilly Maurice
 William Simon Keli
 Arthur Johnson
 S. Hester Arthur Hubbard
 Edna Elsie Prophet Andy Albuson
 Jonas Sullivan Jesse Whitree
 David
 Myrtle Calvard George Skoyade
 Alfred Pike Helena Corinne Pappan
 (Edgar)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF A "GOB"

By CHESTER HUBBARD



THERE comes a time in almost every boy's life when a desire to enlist in the navy is very strong, this desire strikes most boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen.

But there are very few who realize or think of the training that a boy must have or go through in order to make good and efficient seamen.

Ever since I was sixteen years old I had always a longing to sail o'er the briny deep and wear the uniform of a sailor, and never was I satisfied until I had a taste of what it meant to be a sailor, but now that desire has completely left me.

When the United States entered into the war in 1917, the first thought that came to me was to enlist in the navy. At that time I was going to school, but I asked my father's permission to go, the answer came back, "No," but this did not kill my ambition to go to sea.

I kept after my father until finally we agreed that I should enlist, so on June 3rd, 1918, I went to the recruiting agent in my home town and had a talk with her (the agent happened to be a woman in this case), after talking with her awhile I filled out some papers and took a preliminary examination and then was sent to St Louis to take my final examination.

On arriving at the recruiting station in St. Louis I was put through a series of questions and was then taken to a room with a few other recruits and in this room we filled out some papers. It seemed as if that was all we did all day long. The recruiting officer would say, "Sign here," or "Here, sign this," the most of us didn't know what we were signing or didn't stop to realize; almost the last act in the recruiting office was to hold up our right hand and swear our allegiance to the American flag, and then it began to dawn upon me that I was at last in the service of Uncle Sam's Navy.

After spending a few days in St. Louis a car load of recruits left for Puget Sound, Washington, to the U. S. Navy Yards at Bremerton. We had a fine time going out, but we little realized what awaited us at our

journey's end. About all you could hear the boys say was, "Just wait until I get that uniform on!"

We arrived at Seattle about five o'clock in the evening, were taken to the Soldier's and Sailor's Club where we got our supper and a bed for the night as we had gotten in too late to go to the training station.

The next morning we got on the boat and started for the Navy Yards at Bremerton which is about fifteen miles from Seattle. There were a few "Gobs" on the boat, and we came in sight of some tall buildings, wireless towers and the dry docks, when they informed us that that would be our home for some little time.

After getting off the boat we trailed through the streets to the Navy Yard gates all wondering what was next. At the gates the marine guards halted us, the "Leather Necks," as we learned the Marines were called, they held us until an orderly came down and got us and took us to into camp.

When we were going into camp about all we could see was sailors dressed in "whites" who had only been there from two to three weeks, they were "roasting" us from all sides and singing "Good morning Mr. Zip, Zip!"

Then the fun began, Oh! those twenty one days in detention camp seemed like a year to me. I shall never forget the Fourth of July we spent there. All day long we could hear the fire works and the people shouting and laughing all having a good time while all we could do was to look up at the blue sky and dream about our previous celebrations of that day and the ones to come.

It was in detention where we got our first taste of the hardships a sailor had to go through. We spent most of the time drilling with small arms or rifles; it is very essential that every seaman should know how to handle small arms.

By the time our twenty-one days were up we had a pretty good idea of what the navy was like, and our arms were getting well after being punctured a number of times.

Finally the day came when we were to leave detention camp. We were then transferred to the Seamen Barracks where we

were put through some hard training. Our daily routine generally consisted of the following: At eight bells in the morning we would "muster," and after muster the first period we would spend at "boat drill," we were given instruction on how to handle a lifeboat and how to lower one into the water. During the second period which began at 10:30, we practiced signals, the "semaphore," the "wig wag," the "blinkers" and the international code flags. At 11:30 retreat would blow and at twelve we would have "chow." "O! that chow that is made of shoe strings," so the song goes.

The first period in the afternoon we spent at infantry drill, practicing the art of handling a rifle. We would also go down to where the big guns were and practice sighting, loading and shell passing. The second period in the afternoon we would study our "Blue Jacket" manual, or go in to the "Rigen lobb" where we learned how to tie and splice a rope or a line. We did not always stick to this same routine day after day, but these were the things we were supposed to know, if we wanted to make good. There sure wasn't any work when it came time for "shore leave," or for the "liberty party" to "shove off." To a "Gob" the word "liberty" means everything (that is if he isn't financially embarrassed).

I spent six months in the training station. One morning there was a bunch of us working in the "chow hall" when a messenger came after some boys to go out on a submarine chaser and my name happened to be on the list, so we packed our sea bags and marched down to the dry docks and were taken on board. After leaving the dry dock we went out for patrol duty along the coast. This was my first experience out on the ocean. Everything was lovely until

the second day out, the wind came up and a pretty stiff gale was blowing, we could not see land any where. All we could see was "water, water, everywhere." The boat began to toss. A small sub-chaser is a very small object compared with a battle ship. Along about five o'clock in the evening a rather funny feeling came over me, and it wasn't but a little while until there were a number of "Gobs" leaning over the side feeding the little fish. It is then that a fellow would welcome a German U-boat to come along and put him out of his misery.

My career on the S. C. 310 (Sub-chaser) soon came to an end. I was only on board three weeks when I was taken off, this was about three days after the armistice was signed. I was sent back to the station to wait until I could secure my release from active service. Of course we all wanted to go home as there was nothing in it now. All the excitement had died down but before the armistice was signed you could not have hired me to leave the navy.

Now that I am out I can look over my experiences and they are very pleasant memories to me. Although I did not get a chance to go across on troop transport or a battle ship, I would not take anything for the little experience that I did have and what I saw during those last few months of the war. There were a large number of us who were disappointed because we did not get a chance to go across or see any real fighting, but none are sorry that the war ended when it did.

The United States navy is now recognized as the best and strongest navy in the world, and if it ever becomes necessary for America to go into another war and she calls for volunteers you will find me again wearing the uniform of the U. S. Navy, doing my part to keep the Stars and Stripes afloat on the high seas.



THE ROCK NINETEEN

ONE bright afternoon,
We were happy as fairies,
For the Class Nineteen,
Was going to the quarry.
We were told to be ready,
At one o'clock sharp,
For that was the time,
The wagon would start.
With great enthusiasm,
Our faces did gleam,
We were going for a stone,
To commemorate Nineteen.

At one-fifteen-o'clock,
(It ne'er happened of yore),
A great, ambling hayrack,
Drew up at Home Four.
Then our fun started,
Right there on the spot,
And Miss Seaton came out,
And took a snapshot.
The little rock wagon
Must be mentioned too,
For without it and the driver,
What could we do?

We had fun on the way,
But soon reached the spot,
And we were not long,
About finding a rock.
The rock we selected
Was a beauty then some,
Then we were all out
For a whole world of fun.
Of course we took snaps,
To emphasize the day
But all fun, you know,
Cannot last away.

Then Mrs. Cook told us,
It was now getting late,
We must soon load our stone
And our homeward way take.
It was not a long task
To load our great stone,
And when it was accomplished,
We set out for home.
That we are very proud
Of our rock Nineteen
Is too weak an expression,
Of our own Class esteem.

When we leave dear Chilocco,
Go out to face life,
We'll be firm as our rock
In the brunt of all strife.
And through all our trials
We'll be true and bold
Remembering our colors,
Dear yale-blue and gold.
And when we succeed,
And our fortunes we glean,
We'll never forget
Our dear rock Nineteen.



NINETEEN

BY MINNIE MCKENZIE

- N**—is for Nineteen,
A Class staunch and true,
With Class flower, the daisy,
Our colors gold and blue.
- I**—means the interest,
Which is very well shown
At all our Class meetings,
For not one is a drone.
- N**—signifies novelty,
And our tactics are great,
Class Nineteen is a wonder,
And we're right up-to-date.
- E**—is for earnest
Which of course we all are,
For our road to knowledge
Nothing can bar.
- T**—is for talent,
With which we're all blest,
You may well rest assured,
We'll be true in the test.
- E**—signifies enthusiasm,
With which we o'er flow,
And that we're proud of '19,
You very well know.
- E**—means entomology,
In which we learn some,
But when specimens are in,
'Tis then we have fun.
- N**—stands for noble,
And the best ever seen,
Is our big banner Class,
The Class of Nineteen!



WHAT'S IN A NAME

By MINNIE MCKENZIE

- A**—Means our Andy
The dear "baby boy,"
Our greatest delight
Is to get him a toy.
- B**—is for "Bug,"
Our Class Secretary,
She's in for all fun,
And is always merry.
- C**—represents "Chaplin,"
Our comedian gay,
It takes his good jokes,
To shine up the day.
- D**—is for "Dutch,"
A cartoonist so great,
Just go to him,
He'll picture your fate.
- E**—is for Eunice,
Better known "Blondy,"
Ask her what she likes,
She'll answer candy.
- F**—represents "Frog,"
Our jolly sailor lad,
When it comes to sailing,
He surely is bad.
- G**—is for "Goose egg,"
Our track captain true,
He's a Yale-blue and gold,
And he shows it too.
- H**—Must mean "Hap,"
A fine nursery man,
His slogan to insects
Is "kill all you can."
- I**—is for improve,
Which we will strive to do,
For this is our duty
To "gold and Yale-blue."
- J**—means our "Judge,"
Who is chuck full of fun,
When you have the "blues"
Go to her, she's the one.
- K**—is for "Keel,"
A true "Sammy boy,"
To solve all his algebra
Is his exquisite joy.
- L**—means Lucinda,
Or better known "Bill,"
And when we should study,
The time she does kill!
- M**—signifies Myrtle,
Or "Arbuckle the Great,"
But when she is peeved,
Alas! what's your fate!
- N**—is for "Nokomis,"
Our Class President,
He's an all around sport,
And his time is well spent.
- O**—represents Owen,
Or better known "Pink,"
When he's not in mischief,
He surely can think.
- P**—means our "prophet,"
A studious maid;
Her first question is
"And what was my grade?"
- Q**—is for questions,
Which we all can ask,
When we are sore perplexed
And don't know our task.
- R**—is for "Razum,"
Captain of baseball.
It is also for "Rat,"
Who is well known by all.
- S**—represents "Skeen,"
On whom we can depend,
She is true in all things
And a trust-worthy friend.
- T**—is for "Toothpick,"
Our basket-ball star,
He has a cool dignity
Which nothing can mar.
- U V and W,
X Y and Z,
Represent characteristics
Which here you don't see.
- &**—represents happenings
Which we've done or seen,
All is to the happiness
Of dear Class '19.



SMILES



Bessie W. "Why do we have to parade?"
Viola J.: "Oh, we have to get our new hats used to the sun."

IN RHETORIC

Mrs. Cook: "You may criticize the word 'elephant.'"

Lucinda: "It is derived from the Greek." Its history shows it was introduced into England through Roman celebrations.

"An example of its use is, A clumsy thing that takes you to a dance and steps all over your feet."

Minnie is always asking questions. The other day she heard some one talking about "floral decorations" and immediately asked Andy what it meant.

"Don't you even know that?" exclaimed Andy scornfully, "Why floral decorations are rugs or carpets, or matting, or anything else you use to decorate the floor."

Jonas: "Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Mr. Blair: "Of course not."

Jonas: "Well, I haven't done my algebra."

Miss Riley: "Please fill that teakettle and light the fire under it."

2nd Year Girl: "What with, water?"

Edna: "Billie, I'll just give you ten minutes to give me my thimble."

Billie: "Well, I'll just wait fifteen minutes and see what you'll do."

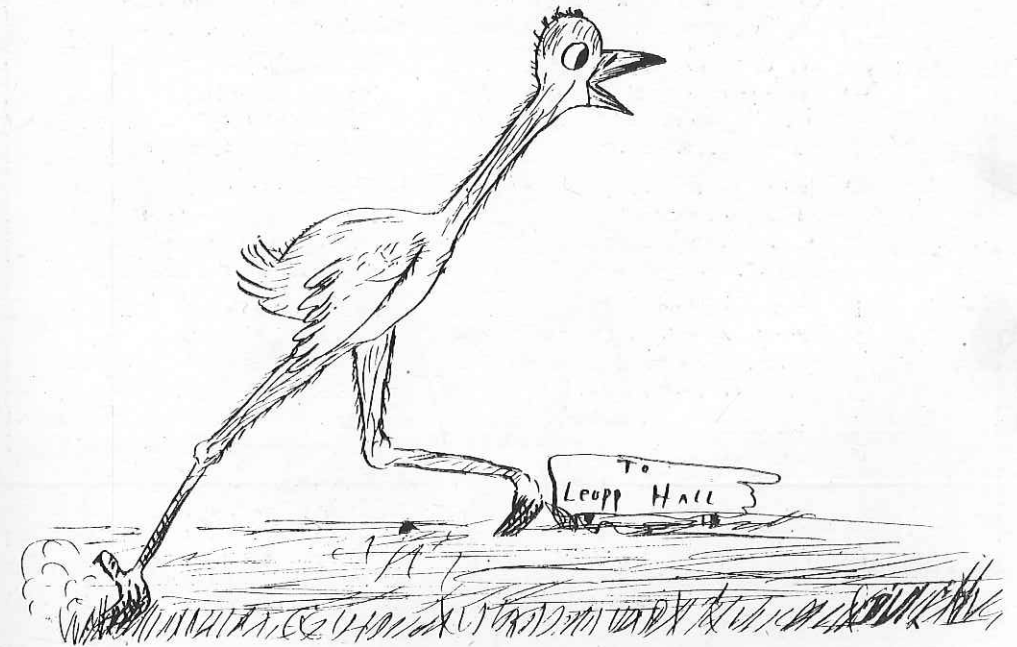
Mrs. Speelman: "And what did Martin Luther say?"

David: "Well, I'm not sure what he told them but I know what he told me."

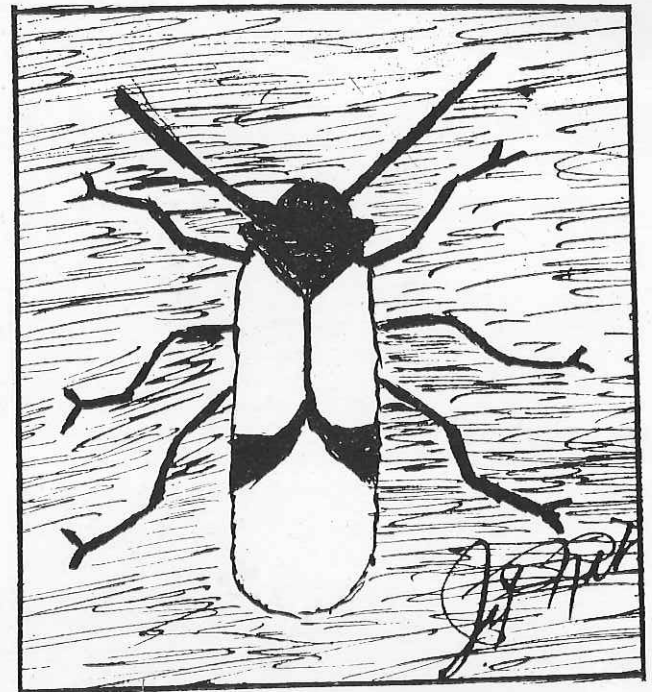
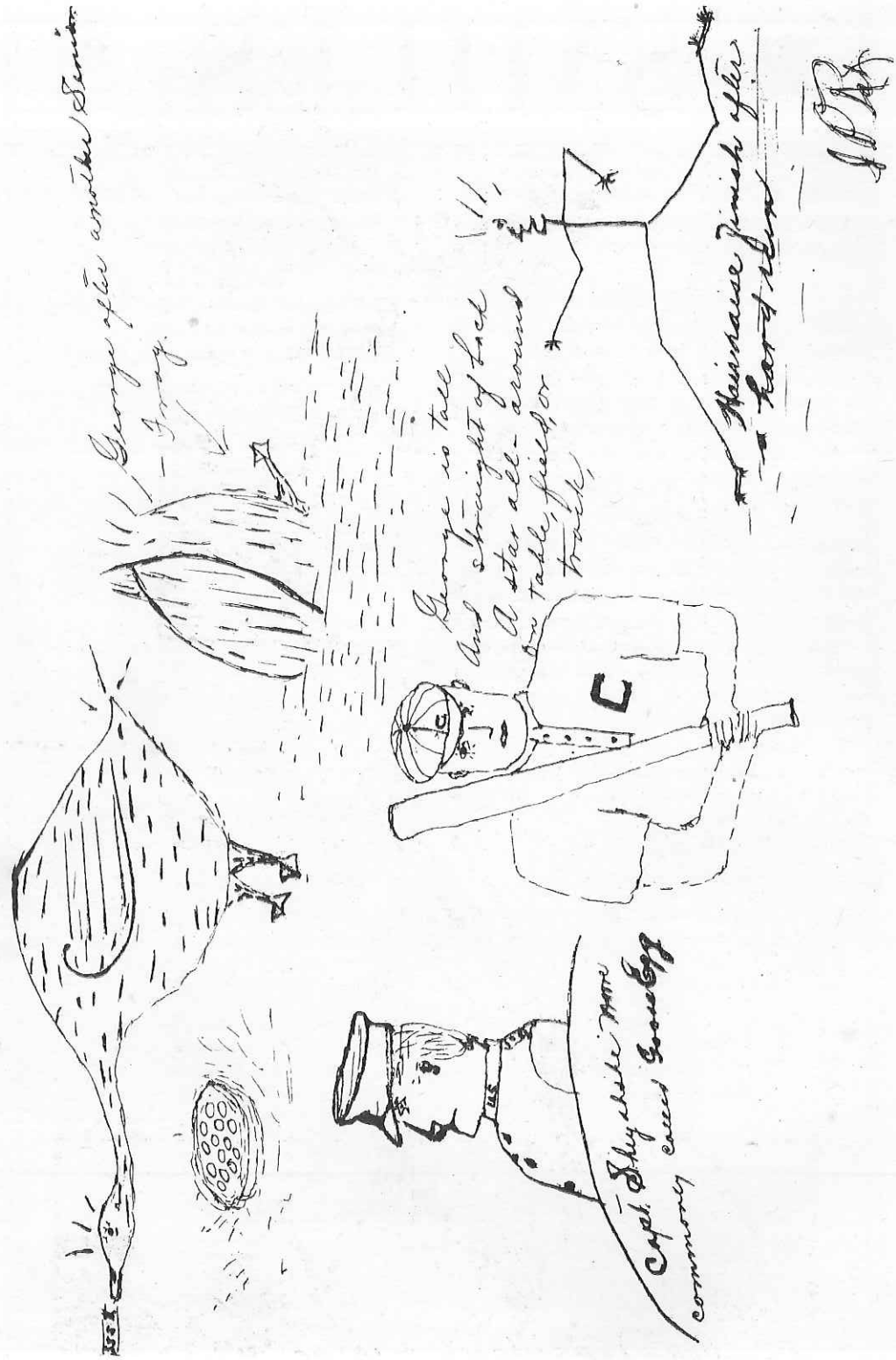
AT HOME FOUR

Mary: "Don't you ever sweep under the carpet?"

Edna: "Yes, I sweep it all under the carpet."



OUR PRESIDENT. 10SEC. MAN



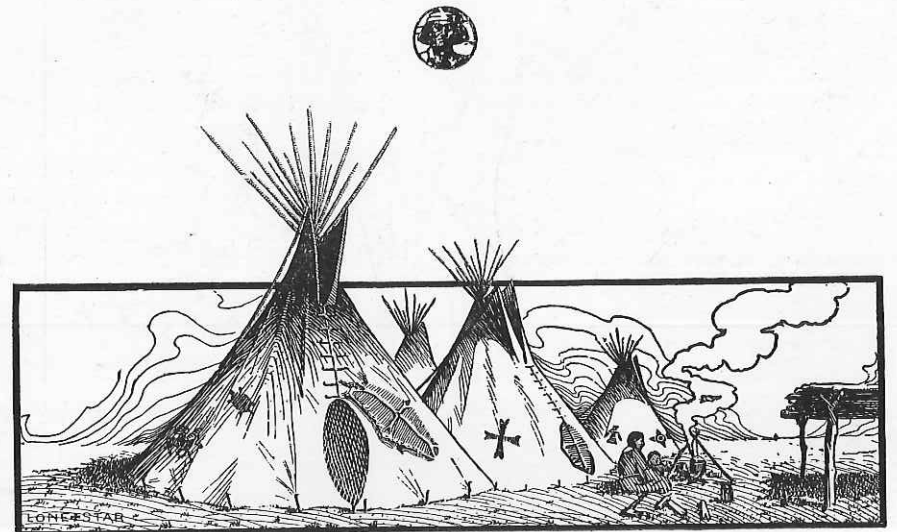
Our Secretary

The night after a social one of the Sophomores was heard to remark: "Gee! I am glad I was invited, I've had nothing but hash for the last week."

a daily call to change seats, to ramble around the room, or—to study.

"The Call of the Wild" to some Seniors is

The best known person in the Senior Class: "Mr. What-you-may-call-it."





Senior Track Men.



J.P. RAT. (Pke) AT BAT.

NOT A SUCCESS

One day the Seniors sprayed some apple-tree tent caterpillars and the next day the caterpillars made a raid on the Sophomore girls.

Edna: "I must pay my Senior war tax."
 Lucille: "Do you have to pay war tax to be a Senior?"
 Edna: "No, it's the tax on our Class pins."

Eunice: "Today in entomology we looked at a butterfly's wings through a microscope and it looked just like a chicken."

What might have happened if Jonas had gone to war?

Guard: "Halt! Who goes there?"
 Voice: (in the dark)—"Chaplin."
 Guard: "All right Charlie; move along."

IN SENIOR HISTORY CLASS

Mrs. Speelman: "Well, Arthur what do you know about Socrates?"
 Arthur: "O, not much of anything."

OUT GOOSE-EGG HUNTING

Ella: "Mary, did you find any goose-eggs?"
 Mary: "No, I didn't."
 Ella: "I am going over to see if I can find any on the goose-egg island."
 Mary: "I am not going to look for any more, for I already have three on my report card."

Lorena: "Jack, what would you do if you should wake up some morning and find yourself dead?"

Virginia: "Well, there's no telling what I'd do."



HIAWATHA'S RETURN FROM COLLEGE
—From *Puck*.